

# THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 3, 1831.

NUMBER 47.

PRINTED EVERY SATURDAY EVENING,

By S. HARTLETT & CO.

No. 76 1-2 MAIDEN-LANE.

At Three Dollars a year—payable in advance.  
Four Dollars when sent out of the United States.  
All Letters to be addressed to the proprietors,  
POST PAID.

## THE CONSTELLATION.

New-York October 4 1831.

DEAR TIM,—After I made the bargain with the Dutchman, I thought I could afford to travel as well as my neighbors, so off I started in the direction of Albany. While I was on my expedition I met with various accidents such as breaking down in the stage, falling in love and going to camp-meeting. As to falling in love, it was only a temporal affair and so your sally no need to be any the wiser for—as to breaking down in the stage, the only hurt I met with was to my nose, which got flatted down one side like a cocked-hat—it aint got wholly straight yet—and as to the camp-meeting, that was a pretty comical sort of a concern, I tell you. There was as many as 2 or 3 thousand people, of all ages and sexes, collected together in a maple wood. The tents were as many as 30 or 40 and were pitched round in a ring, in the centre of which were the seats, and at one side was the pulpit. I got there in the evening just after dark. There were fires burning back of the tents, at which some of the female women were cooking, and the trees were hung chock full of lamps as thick as stars—the tents, too, were all lighted up, and made a pretty sick appearance.

When I got on the spot, I never heard such a plagy noise in all my life—ten bulls a roaring, 50 sheep bleating and as many cocks crowing, was a fool to it. There they were in the tents there, men, women and children, singing, hollering, crying, shouting, bellowing and clapping their hands, as if the Old Nick was in them. But I aint going to quarrel with folks about their religious opinions—some think they can get to heaven one way and some another—let every body shirk for himself I say, and not run against his neighbor. After a half hour or so, the ministers got up in the wooden pinnacle, and one of 'em takes a fish-bone in his hand and begins to play a tune. That was a new idee to me, in the way of religious worship and I couldn't understand it. I axed a feller and he said 'twas to call the folks to meeting—and so true enough they began to pour out from the tents, and behind the trees into the centre of the tents where they all took seats as regular as a meeting-house. Then up gets one of the preachers and advises them all to set close together as it was a pretty considerable coolish sort of a night and they might kitch cold. There was no little scrambling to see who would get along-side of the gals, I tell you, but as luck would have it I had to take up with a seat between two old women—Dang it, they kept me warm enough, but there was no comfort in it—when the preacher grew spiritous and kind of emphatical, them are women would groan and grunt as though they'd taken a dose of salts—and then they'd punch me in the side and make me grunt and groan too. But I'd no notion of that are sort of thing and told 'em I guess'd I'd be going. But, by the hoky, that was easier said than done they'd got me fast wedged in betwixt them and I couldn't start no more than a toad under a harrow, and how to get off I couldn't tell, till bimby I took out my jackknife and leaned down my head, as if I was listening, and went to work cutting away under the seat. As the preacher grew warm I worked harder and kept going with my knife backwards and forwards, and made the old women think I was mightily wrought upon. So for some time, I kept going and going—till bimby the old seat gave way and down the old women went sprawling and bawling as though they'd killed themselves. I sprung for't and didn't stop long to see what damage they'd suffered, I tell you—when you ketch me to a camp-meeting next time, you ketch a weezle asleep, that's all.

Albany aint much of a place after all. There's a house there, they call the Capital, but it aint any great shakes, ta'nt much bigger than a meeting-house. I tried a good deal to see the Regency I've heard so much tell of but I couldn't find nobody who could tell me where he lived. One man kind of laughed and said he guessed it was the poltroon I wanted to see. I bristled up to him and told him that I no need to go far to see him—the fellow looked pretty cheap and sneaked off. The next fellow I met was a Dutch dandy, smoking a pipe and swaggering through the streets as if he was the Mayor, Alderman and Com-

monalty. I enquired if he would direct me to where the Regency lived. "Sir?" said he staring at me like a fool. I repeated the question. "Mine got, sir," said he, "you have made some mistake, there is no such public office here, perhaps it is the controller you wish to see." I told him may be it was and he directed me accordingly. I went right to his office and axed them if the controller was in—they said no but guessed he would be soon. So I sat down and made myself at home. Bimby a man steps up to me and axes what was my business—I told him I wanted to see the Regency, or the controller, as he was sometimes called. The fellow sniggered rite out—I'd a good mind to knock him down, but thought I'd keep cool—I called upon him to explain what he meant when he told me, there was no such being in existence and that it was only a sort of combination. "Yes sir," says I, "I think it is a combination, and rot me if I ketch one of you Albanians down to York I'll have y-u up before the police in less than no time,"—so saying I walked off and left the fellow looking pretty stunked I tell you—guess he wont want to play no more tricks upon travellers.

Albany is chock full of stages, steam-boats canal-boats and runners. Perhaps you dont know what a runner is and so I'll tell you. You see there's an amazing sight of opposition among the different boats and stages and they all try to see who'll get the most passengers. They dont wait to let a man pick for himself, but hire men to run about to the different taverns and hook up passengers—They are stationed all over the city—The moment you land from the steam boat, a dozen of 'em will ketch hold of you, and bawl out "Stage to Boston?"—"Stage to the springs?"—"Boat to whitehall?"—"Boat to Utica?" and so they keep going till you get so frustrated you dont know where you want to go yourself. However I made short work on't when I arrived, and told 'em all I was travelling on my own hook and on shank's mare. Most of 'em thought it was some new line but I kept dark and so got off.

I have lots more to write, but at present this is all from  
ENOCH TIMBERTOES.

From the Atlas.

### PASTORAL POETRY

Mr Booth, author of the "Analytical Dictionary," has lately published a work entitled "The Principles of English Composition," from which the following extracts are made.

"The truth is, that the poet lives in a region of his own creation. He takes his fictions for realities, and his imaginations for truths. The train of his thoughts are the illusions of his fancy; but they are powerful illusions, which lead his auditors spell-bound through enchanted ground, forgetful, for the moment, of that world to which they must return. The true poet, like the Pythian priestess, is in a state of frenzy while under the inspiration of the god; and it is only in the shortness of the fits of his delirium that he suffers from the insane. Whatever may have been the previous stores of his mind, the reverie of the maniac is too long continued to be coherent; and his lucid intervals are too few to enable him to mould his tale and correct its incongruities; in consequence of which his flights of fancy are lost to the world. The following stanzas, written at the York Retreat, by a young woman who, when composing them, was labouring under a very considerable degree of active mania, are strikingly illustrative of what we have here advanced:—

To Melancholy.

Spirit of darkness! from yon lonely shade  
Where fade the virgin roses of the spring,  
Spirit of darkness! hear thy favourite maid  
To sorrow's harp her wildest anthem sing.

Ah! how has love despoil'd my earliest bloom,  
And flung my charms as to the wintry wind!  
Ah! how has love hung o'er my trophied tomb  
The spoils of genius and the wreck of mind!

High rides the moon the silent heavens along;  
Thick fall the dews of midnight o'er the ground;  
Soft steals the lover, when the morning song  
Of waken'd warblers through the woods resound;

Then I with thee my solemn vigils keep,  
And at thine altar take my lonely stand;  
Again my lyre unstrung! sadly sweep,  
While Love leads up the dance with harp in hand.

High o'er the woodlands Hope's gay meteor's shone,  
And thronging thousands bless'd the ardent ray;  
I turn'd,—but found Despair on his wild roan,  
And with the demon bent my hither way.

Soft o'er the vale she blew her bugle horn—  
"Oh! where, Maria,—whither dost thou stray?"  
Return, thou false maid, to the echoing sound!  
I flew, nor heeded the sweet siren's lay.

Hail, Melancholy! to your lonely towers  
I turn, and hail their time-worn turrets mine;  
Where flourish fair the nightshade's deadly flowers,  
And dark and blue the wasting tapers shine.

There, O my Edwin! does thy spirit greet,  
In Fancy's maze, thy loved and wandering maid;  
Soft through the bower thy shade Maria meets,  
And leads thee onward through the myrtle glade.

Oh! come with me, and hear the song of eve,  
Far, sweeter far, than the loud shout of morn;  
List to the pantings of the whispering breeze—  
Dwell on past woes, or sorrows yet unborn.

We have a tale and song will charm these shades,  
Which cannot rouse to life Maria's mind,  
Where Sorrow's captives hail thy once-loved maid,  
To joy a stranger, and to grief resign'd.

Edwin, farewell! go, take my last adieu;  
Ah! could my bursting bosom tell thee more!  
Here, parted here, from love, from life, and you,  
I pour my song as on a foreign shore.

But stay, rash youth! the sun has climbed on high,  
The night is past, the shadows all are gone;  
For lost Maria breathe the parting sigh,  
And wait thy sorrows to the gales of morn!

The inaccuracy of some of the rhymes of the preceding poem might easily be amended; but, what is more to our present purpose, the confusion of ideas is apparent. Nevertheless, a poetical enthusiasm breathes through every stanza, which probably was never felt by this unfortunate lady in her better days. Wilderness of manner, however, is not inconsistent with the occasional flights of the soundest intellect.

The Empire of Poetry, by Fontenelle.—"This empire is a very large and populous country. It is divided, like some of the countries on the continent, into the higher and lower regions. The upper region is inhabited by grave, melancholy, and sullen people, who, like other mountaineers, speak a language very different from that of the inhabitants of the valleys. The trees in this part of the country are very tall having their tops among the clouds. Their horses are superior to those of Barbary, being flecter than the winds. Their women are so beautiful as to eclipse the star of day. The great city which you see in the maps, beyond the lofty mountains, is the capital of this province, and is called Epic. It is built on a sandy and ungrateful soil, which few take the trouble to cultivate. The length of the city is many days' journey, and it is otherwise of a tiresome extent. On leaving its gate we always meet with men who are killing one another; whereas, when we pass through Romance, which forms the suburbs of Epic, and which is larger than the city itself, we meet with groups of happy people who are hastening to the shrine of Hymen. The Mountains of Tragedy are also in the province of Upper Poetry. They are very steep, with dangerous precipices; and, in consequence, many of its people build their habitations at the bottom of the hills, and imagine themselves high enough. There have been found on these mountains some very beautiful ruins of ancient cities, and, from time to time, the materials are carried lower down to build new cities; for they now never build near so high as they seem to have done in former times. The Lower Poetry is very similar to the swamps of Holland. Burlesque is the capital, which is situated amidst stagnant pools. Princes speak there as if they had sprung from the dunghill, and all the inhabitants are buffoons from their birth. Comedy is a city which is built on a pleasant spot; but it is too near to Burlesque, and its trade with this place has much degraded the manners of its citizens. I beg that you will notice in the map those vast solitudes which lie between High and Low Poetry. They are called the Deserts of Common Sense. There is not a single city in the whole of this extensive country, and only a few cottages scattered at a distance from one another. The interior of the country is beautiful and fertile; but you need not wonder that there are so few who choose to reside in it, for the entrance is very rugged on all sides, the roads are narrow and difficult, and there are seldom any guides to be found who are capable of conducting strangers. Besides, this country borders on a province where every person prefers to remain, because it appears to be very agreeable, and saves the trouble of penetrating into the Deserts of Common Sense. It is the province of False Thoughts. Here we always tread on flowers—every thing seems enchanting. But its greatest inconvenience is, that the ground is not solid,—the foot is always sinking in the mire, however careful one may be. Elegy is the capital. Here the people do nothing but complain; but it is said that they find a pleasure in their complaints. The city is surrounded with woods and rocks, where the inhabitant walks alone, making them the confidants of his secrets,—of the discovery of which he is so much afraid, that he often conjures those woods and rocks never to betray them. The Empire of Poetry is watered by two rivers. One is the river Rhyme, which has its source at the foot of the Mountains of Reverie. The tops of some of these mountains are so elevated that they pierce the clouds; these are called the Points of Sublime Thought. Many climb there by extraordinary efforts; but almost the whole tumble down again, and excite, by their fall, the ridicule of those who admired them at first without knowing why. There are large platforms almost at the bottom of these mountains, which are

called the Terraces of Low Thoughts. There are always a great number of people walking upon them. At the end of these terraces are the Caverns of Deep Reverie. Those who descend into them do so insensibly, being so much enwrapped in their meditations that they enter the caverns before they are aware. These caverns are perfect labyrinths, and the difficulty of getting out again could scarcely be believed by those who have not been there. Above the terraces we sometimes meet with men walking in easy paths, which are termed the Paths of Natural Thoughts; and these gentlemen ridicule, equally, those who try to scale the Points of Sublime Thoughts, as well as those who grovel on the terraces below. They would be in the right if they could keep undeviatingly in the Paths of Natural Thoughts; but they fall almost instantly into a snare, by entering into a splendid palace which is at a very little distance—it is the Palace of Badinage. Scarcely have they entered when, in place of the natural thoughts which they formerly had, they dwell upon such only as are mean and vulgar. Those, however, who never abandon the paths of natural thoughts, are the most rational of all; they aspire no higher than they ought, and their thoughts are never at variance with sound judgment. Besides the River Rhyme, which I have described as issuing from the foot of the mountains, there is another, called the River of Reason. These two rivers are at a great distance from one another; and as they have a very different course, they could not be made to communicate except by canals, which would cost a great deal of labour; for these canals of communication could not be formed at all places, because there is only one part of the River Rhyme which is in the neighbourhood of the River Reason; and hence many cities situated on the Rhyme, such as Roundelay and Ballad, could have no commerce with the Reason, whatever pains might be taken for that purpose. Further, it would be necessary that these canals should cross the Deserts of Common Sense, as you will see by the map; and that is almost an unknown country. The Rhyme is a large river, whose course is crooked and unequal, and, on account of its numerous falls, it is extremely difficult to navigate. On the contrary, the Reason is very straight and regular, but it does not carry vessels of every burthen. There is in the Land of Poetry a very obscure forest, where the rays of the sun never enter: it is the Forest of Doubt. The trees are close, spreading and twined into each other. The forest is so ancient that it has become a sort of sacrifice to prune its trees, and there is no probability that the ground will ever be cleared. A few steps into this forest and we lose our road, without dreaming that we have gone astray. It is full of imperceptible labyrinths, from which no one ever returns. The Reason is lost in this forest. The extensive Province of Imagination is very sterile—it produces nothing. The inhabitants are extremely poor, and are obliged to glean in the richer fields of the neighbouring provinces; and some even make fortunes by this beggarly occupation. The Empire of Poetry is very cold towards the north; and, consequently, this quarter is the most populous. There are the Cities of Anagram and Acrostic, with several others of a similar description. Finally, in that sea which bounds the States of Poetry, there is the Island of Satire, surrounded with bitter waves. The salt from the water is very strong and dark coloured. The greater part of the brooks of this island resemble the Nile in this, that their sources are unknown; but it is particularly remarkable that there is not one of them whose waters are fresh. A part of the same sea is called the Archipelago of Trilles: the French term it L'Archipel des Bagatelles; and there voyagers are well acquainted with those islands. Nature seems to have thrown them up in sport, as she did those of the Aegean Sea. The principal islands are the Madrigal, the Song, and the Impromptu. No lands can be lighter than those islands, for they float upon the waters."

Death's Head Moth.—This very scarce and no less curious insect has appeared in various parts of Scotland this summer, and the circumstance has impressed some of the superstitious among our peasantry with no slight degree of alarm. The size of this dread inspiring insect is about two and a half inches in length, measuring from the head to the tip of the wing; the body is dark, and of a thickness proportioned to the length of the wings, which are of a still darker shade than the body. It is perfectly harmless, and what occasions the terror of the beholder, is an exact representation of a mortuum caput on the outside of its wings, delineated with as much accuracy as if it had been done by the hand of a professed artist.—This appalling object is of a pale light color, and strikes the eye at once, from the circumstance of its being placed on a dark ground. The insect, when its wings are extended, appears almost as large as a small bat. One has been seen in the Island of Kerrera; and a worthy unsophisticated Celt in Oban, who sends us an account of it, puts the following rather startling question.—"Is it not very likely that this horrible fly is nothing more than a forerunning prodigy of the sure, certain and speedy approach of the COLON OF MONARCHES?" In order to allay in some degree the fears of our country readers, we may assure them that the "Death's Head Moth," as it is called, is as harmless and as well disposed a little personage as need be, and never makes his appearance except in very warm summer, which is generally followed by a very abundant harvest.—Scots Times

## MISCELLANY.

## LORD BYRON'S PASSAGE OF THE HELLESPONT.

\*\*\* We had walked far; and I was tired enough, when his Lordship brought himself to an anchor upon the tomb of Patroclus, and produced a book which he read with the utmost earnestness, and which, from his own account, must have been a Homer. I remember my leaping across the Scamander to the infinite amusement of the poet, who was spluttering Greek to one of his servants in no common style, and seemed to be imagining where the different fights in former days took place. The tumuli of the mighty dead made a great impression on his Lordship, and are mentioned by him in every work in which a reference is made to that part of the coast—witness the opening of the *Graeco*, &c. In the evening we returned on board, having crossed to Tenedos, tasted sherbet, and smoked a pipe with the commanding Turk of the misnamed fortress. Day after day we waited in anxious expectation of the firman, or order, granting permission for the frigate to approach the sublime city. And as 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' we were determined to keep the body in health by exercise. It was proposed to ride to Abydos, and his Lordship's servant was sent on shore overnight to hire the steeds. We made a grand show the next morning as to numbers. We found animals by no means the size or strength of the Grecian horses of old. Our cavalcade mounted formed an odd group, some in uniform, some in traveller's garb, Turkish and Greek servants, with our running footmen in trousers flying behind them as they passed through the air. We started in good style, for sailors are curious horsemen, and had progressed about a mile, when a difference of opinion arose between Capt. Bothurst and his horse—one wishing to keep company with his friends, and the other proving that although he might be gregarious, he was by no means sociable, and therefore was determined to return to the village whence he came. The stick was freely administered, but the horse was the dull ass which would not mend his pace for beating, at least in the right direction, for he began to yaw about like a hog in a high wind. The attendants began to use their whips, the captain began to call out that he was nearly unslipped, for he had lost his stirrups, which are in fact the shrouds to a horseman to keep him (the most) upright. At last the horse began to pitch about like a ship in a head-sea; and the captain meeting with the same accident as William the Conqueror, although it did not terminate so fatally, was pitched first against the pommel of the saddle, and afterwards over the bows of the horse. He was left in charge of Lord Byron's servants to be conveyed to the frigate, and we directed our course along shore to our destination. It was a sultry, close, hot, disagreeable day, and the ride was sandy, dusty, and uncomfortable. I had a nice animal, and rode by the side of the poet, being left in his charge. We had not ridden far, when in a road which winds through a wood of no very considerable extent, we were met by a squadron of Turks, who immediately drew their sabres, and showed other very intelligible signals of having cleared for action. They bellowed out their deep-toned barbarous language, which I could not of course comprehend, but I saw some of our party getting ready for a fight, and began to think it was beyond a joke. It appears the barbarians mistook us for Russians, with whom they were then at war, and not thinking (a Turk never thinks) of the impossibility of Russian gentlemen from Moscow taking a forenoon's ride along the shores of the Dardanelles, they were preparing to send us out of the world without much ceremony. I am convinced that Lord Byron's lines, beginning—

"The foremost Tartar in the gap,"

in the *Graeco*, originated in the present scene, for the description is exact. The hot-headed Turks waved their sparkling scimitars over their turbanned heads; some drew their pistols and cocked them, and suddenly stopping their horses, descended to ask if we were Russians. When they heard we were English, the cut-throats became suddenly overjoyed; and their mustachios, which had stood out like a cat's whiskers, became softened over the upper lip in calm and placid contentment. An interchange of friendly expressions took place; the warlike weapons were replaced in their scabbards, and we separated; our party continuing on to Abydos, and the Turks proceeding to their own destination. It was two in the afternoon when we arrived at the town famous in poetry for Leander's love and folly. The English consul, at whose house we stopped to refresh man and horse, was an Italian Jew, married to a Greek woman, the progeny about as mixed a breed as a turnspit dog's. He was the dirtiest consul I ever remember to have met with in all my travels, and positively was so neglectful of his person and property, that we saw some of the same tribe of vermin, which the Maltese family was busied in hunting, carelessly wandering over the collar of the consul's coat; we were glad enough to escape their contact, and, taking boat, made sail to Sestos on the opposite side of the strait. It blew fresh, and the constant rains and easterly winds rendered the current stronger and the water colder than usual. I could not comprehend for what rash purpose we had crossed the Dardanelles. We all knew the Turks would not allow us to examine their tremendous fortifications without some kind of order, and our Italian-Jew English consul had mentioned his intention of procuring this requisite favour by the time of our return. After

gazing about from the boat, for I did not land, I saw Lord Byron in a state of nudity rubbing himself over with oil, and taking the water like a duck; his clothes were brought into the boat, and we were directed to keep near him, but not so near as to molest him.—This was his first attempt at imitating Leander. He complained instantly on plunging in of the coldness of the water, and he by no means liked the rippling, which was caused by an eddy not far from where he started. He swam well—decidedly well. The current roared, and he did buffet it with lusty sinews; but, ere he could reach the point proposed, he cried 'Help me,' which we did by handing him into the boat. At this time he was not half way across, certainly not fatigued, but cold as clarity, and as white as snow. He was cruelly mortified, and did not speak one word until we arrived on shore. He looked sullen, and his upper lip curled up like a passionate woman's. I see it now as if it were but yesterday.

We had some coffee at our dirty consul's; but we did not visit the fort, reserving this for something new when the frigate would arrive. After paying for the horses we hired a boat, and when the night advanced sailed down the Dardanelles to the frigate, on passing Fort Asin, so called from its standing on the Asiatic side of the entrance of the Dardanelles, the sentinels hailed us. Lord Byron, who had recovered his gaily with the rising of the moon, swore in real Greek he would not land to please any Turk in Asia, whereupon the sentinel thought it right to fire at a mark which he never hit, and which mark was soon out of his reach, as the boat flew along in the water, assisted by the rapid current which occasionally runs at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, especially when the wind has blown long from an easterly point. In spite of the malice of the Turk we arrived safe, although our crew nearly mutinied when the first shot was fired. They might as well have tried to have lifted St. Paul's as turn Lord Byron from his determination, which none but a woman could have effected. After waiting a whole month off Tenedos, we received the Imperial firman, and weighed our anchors. There had been some difference of opinion relative to the necessity of leaving our powder behind; but as it so happened that we had a very large quantity on board as a present to the Sultan, it was voted useless leaving our own, and we succeeded in going to the sublime city in no ways curtailed of our fair proportions. We anchored off Abydos, the wind died away, or not blowing sufficiently strong to enable the frigate to stem the current. In the course of the night we were twice roused 'to quarters,' owing to the noise and confusion in the fort opposite, and within pistol-shot of which we were anchored; it was merely their unchristian-like way of relieving the guard, at which ceremony they made more noise than a whole school of boys round a bonfire.

The next day was calm and warm; we had not a breath of wind, and ocean slumbered like an unwearied child. Lord Byron and Mr. Ekenhead landed on the European side preparatory to swimming across. The cutter attended upon them, and they took to the water about half past nine o'clock. The actual distance across from fort to fort cannot be more than a mile and a quarter at the very utmost; I should rather be inclined to declare it is not more than a mile. Above Sestos there is a narrow point of land which projects into the Dardanelles, and below Abydos there is a similar formation of coast. The current, as I before mentioned, is very rapid; now to cross the strait it would be necessary to pass over at least six miles of ground, for crossing in a straight line is impossible. Mr. Ekenhead took the lead, and kept it, arriving on the projecting point below Abydos in an hour and ten minutes; Lord Byron arrived in about eight minutes afterwards. As the distance swam had been nightly exaggerated, it may be here as well to state that a mile an hour is about the distance a good swimmer can accomplish; and that therefore this very wonderful feat, merely because few people have undertaken it, dwindles down to no such very Herculean task, when it is considered from the time employed, that neither Byron or Ekenhead could have swum more than a mile and a quarter, although they were swept by the force of the current at least six miles of distance. Neither party seemed at all distressed, on the contrary Mr. Ekenhead remained splashing in the water until his companion arrived. Poor fellow! he did not long survive this great undertaking, and never saw himself immortalized in verse. On our return to Malta, he heard of his promotion to the rank of captain of marines, a rank not easily attained; and having offered, it is supposed, an unusual libation to Bacchus on his good fortune, he somehow or other managed to tumble over the bridge, which separates Nix Mungare Stairs from Valetta, and was killed on the spot. The verses which celebrate the great undertaking, written in May on board the *Salsette*, have no reference (except in the note attached to them) to Mr. Ekenhead; but in Don Juan we find mention of it in the line, 'Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.' This feat accomplished, the breeze becoming strong and favorable we weighed anchor; and in two days, rounding the Seraglio Point, we anchored off the fort at Pera. As we passed the place of female imprisonment, our glasses in spite of the discipline of the navy were directed to the peep-holes, misnamed windows, of the harem. We saw one or two beautiful creatures unveiled, looking at the ship, little dreaming that we were examining their pretty faces through long telescopes. The first gun of our salute, which

we fired under-sail, drove the fair prisoners from their positions; and it was all noise and smoke until we anchored. It is a magnificent view to behold, from the Sea of Marmora, the splendid domes of the mosques, the elegant Minarets, the rising city in its different elevations, with the beautiful scenery of the surrounding country. In many corners of the world, which I in my wandering life have visited, I do not know the equal to Constantinople; it is perhaps the loveliest spot on the globe.—*Life of a Sailor.*

## BORDER WARFARE OF NEW YORK, DURING THE REVOLUTION.

From Mr. Campbell's "Annals of Tryon County," just published, we extract several notices of striking incidents relating to the events to which the situation of the country at that time gave birth; events, we rejoice to say, not now admitting of a parallel within its widely extended bounds.

## DEATH OF GEN. HERKIMER.

After recounting the disaster which overtook the militia of Tryon County, by falling into an Indian ambuscade, as they were marching to the relief of Fort Schuyler, the author proceeds:—

"Few battles have been fought at a greater disadvantage than was that of Oriskany on the part of the Americans. After recovering from the confusion of the first attack, they found themselves without ammunition save that in their cartouch boxes. Their baggage wagons were in the possession of the enemy. The weather was warm—and, surrounded by the enemy, they could get no water. In this state they defended themselves against a far superior force for five or six hours. The severe remarks which have been made upon the militia engaged in this battle are certainly not warranted. They had been imprudent, but they were brave, and in this kind of fight, skillful.

The Americans lost in killed nearly 200, and about as many wounded and prisoners; they carried off between 40 and 50 of their wounded. They encamped the first night upon the ground where old Fort Schuyler was built.

Among the wounded was Gen. Herkimer. Early in the action his leg was fractured by a musket-ball. The leg was amputated a few days after, but in consequence of the unfavourable state of the weather, and want of skill in his surgeons, mortification ensued, and occasioned his death. On receiving his wound, his horse having been killed, he directed his saddle to be placed upon a little hillock of earth, and rested himself upon it. Being advised to choose a place where he would be less exposed, he replied, 'I will face the enemy.' Surrounded by a few men, he continued to issue his orders with firmness. In this situation, and in the heat of the battle, he very deliberately took from his pocket his tinder-box, and lit his pipe, which he smoked with great composure. He was certain to blame for not using greater caution on his march, but the coolness and intrepidity which he exhibited when he found himself ambuscaded aided materially in restoring order and inspiring his men with courage. His loss was deeply lamented by his friends and by the inhabitants of Tryon County. The Continental Congress, in October following, directed that a monument should be erected to his memory, of the value of five hundred dollars. \* \* \* We regret to state, however, that no monument has ever been erected to his memory in pursuance of that or any other resolve."

## FIRST SETTLERS OF CHERRY VALLEY.

An extract will show their firm religious character:—"It has been mentioned in a preceding chapter, that the inhabitants of Cherry Valley signed the Association early in the summer of 1775. Their Committee met with the Committee of the County, and were connected with the transactions of that summer. It was stated in the account which has been given of the early settlement of Cherry Valley, that its inhabitants were very strict in their observances. The following letter was written by the Committee, and is in confirmation of that statement:—

"Cherry Valley, June 29th, 1775.

Sirs,—We received yours of yesterday relative to the meeting of the Committee on Sunday, which surprised us not a little, inasmuch as it seems not to be on any alarming circumstance—which, if it was, we should readily attend; but as that does not appear to us to be the case, we think it is very improper; for, unless the necessity of the Committee sitting super-added the duties to be performed in attending the public worship of God, we think it ought to be put off till another day; and therefore we conclude not to give our attendance at this time, unless you adjourn the sitting of the Committee till Monday morning—and in that case, we will give our attendance as early as you please; but otherwise, we do not allow ourselves to be cut short of attending on the public worship—except the case be so necessitous as to exceed sacrifice. We conclude with wishing success to the common cause, and subscribe ourselves the free-born sons of Liberty.

JOHN MOORE,  
SAMUEL CLYDE,  
SAMUEL CAMPBELL.

If you proceed to sit on the Sabbath, please to read this letter to the Committee, which we think will sufficiently assign our reasons for not attending."—This letter was sent to the County Committee."

## ANECDOTES OF COL. HARPER, OF HARPERSFIELD.

"The following account is given by the Rev. Mr. Fenn, the former clergyman of Harpersfield, who received the information from Col. Harper:—

"In the year 1778, McDonald, a Tory of some enter-

prize and activity, had collected about 300 Indians and Tories, and was committing great depredations on the frontiers. He fell down upon the Dutch settlements of Schoharrie, with all his barbarity and exterminating rage. Col. Vrooman commanded in the fort at Schoharrie at this time. They saw the enemy wantonly destroying every thing on which they could lay their hands. The garrisons were so weak, that they could spare no men from the fort to protect the inhabitants or secure the crops. 'What shall be done?' says Col. Harper. 'O, nothing at all,' says Col. Vrooman; 'we be so weak, we cannot do any thing.'

Col. Harper ordered his horse, and laid his course for Albany—rode right down through the enemy, who were scattered over all the country—at Fox's Creek, he put up at a tory tavern for the night; he retired to bed after having locked his door. Soon there was a loud rapping at the door. 'What is wanted?'—'We want to see Col. Harper.' The colonel arose and unlocked the door, seated himself on the bed, and laid his sword and pistols before him in spite of four men. 'Step one inch over that mark,' said the Colonel, 'and you are dead men.' After talking a little time with him, they left the room; he again secured the door, and sat on his bed until daylight appeared; he then ordered his horse, mounted and rode for Albany, and the enemy were round the house. An Indian followed the colonel almost into Albany; and when the colonel would wheel his horse and present his pistol, the Indian would turn and run with all his might. When the colonel arrived at Albany, he called on Col. Gansevoort, stated the distressed situation of Schoharrie, and prayed for help; a squadron of horse was immediately provided, and they rode all night, and appeared in Schoharrie in the morning; and the first knowledge that the people had that any relief was expected, they heard a tremendous shrieking and yelling, and looked out and saw Col. Harper with his troop of horse welting up the enemy. The men in the fort rushed out, and joined in the attack, and the country was soon cleared of the enemy, and the inhabitants had peace and rest, and could collect their harvest in safety."

"The following account of a successful enterprise of Col. Harper, was also furnished by the Rev. Mr. Fenn, who received the information from him:—

"He informed me that in the year 1777, he had the command of the fort in Schoharrie, and of all the frontier stations in this region. He left the fort in Schoharrie, and came out through the woods to Harpersfield in the time of making sugar, and from thence laid his course for Cherry Valley to investigate the state of things there; and as he was pursuing a blind kind of Indian trail, and was ascending what are now called Deceatur Hills, he cast his eye forward and saw a company of men coming directly towards him, who had the appearance of Indians. He knew that if he attempted to flee from them they would shoot him down; he resolved to advance right up to them, and make the best shift for himself he could. As soon as he came near enough to discern the white of their eyes, he knew the head man and several others; the head man's name was Peter, an Indian with whom Col. Harper had often traded at Oquago before the revolution began. The colonel had his great coat on, so that his regimentals were concealed, and he was not recognized; the first word of address on Col. Harper's part was, 'How do you do, brothers?' the reply was, 'Well—how do you do, brother? which way are you bound, brother?' 'On a secret expedition—and which way are you bound, brothers?' 'Down the Susquehanna to cut off the Johnstone settlement.' (Parson Johnstone, and a number of Scotch families, had settled down the Susquehanna, at what is now called Sidney Plains, and these were the people whom they were about to destroy.) Says the colonel, 'where do you lodge to-night?' 'At the mouth of Schenevas creek,' was the reply. Then shaking hands with them, he bid them good speed, and proceeded on his journey.

He had gone but a little way from them before he took a circuit through the woods, a distance of eight or ten miles, on to the head of Charlotte river, where were a number of men making sugar; ordered them to take their arms, two days' provisions, a canteen of rum, and a rope, and meet him down the Charlotte, at a small clearing called Evans's place, at a certain hour that afternoon; then rode with all speed through the woods to Harpersfield; collected all the men who were there making sugar, and being armed and victualled with each man his rope, laid his course for Charlotte; when he arrived at Evans's place, he found the Charlotte men there in good spirits; and when he mustered his men, there were fifteen, including himself, exactly the same number as there were of the enemy; then the colonel made his men acquainted with his enterprise.

They marched down the river a little distance, and then bent their course across the hill to the mouth of Schenevas creek; when they arrived at the brow of the hill where they could overlook the valley where the Schenevas flows, they cast their eyes down upon the flat, and discovered the fire around which the enemy lay encamped—"There they are," said Col. Harper. They descended with great stillness, forded the creek, which was breast high to a man; and after advancing a few hundred yards, they took some refreshment, and then prepared for the contest—daylight was just beginning to appear in the east. When they came to the enemy, they lay in a circle, with their feet toward the fire, in a deep sleep; their arms, and all their implements of death, were all stacked up according to



the Indian custom when they lay themselves down for the night: these the colonel secured by carrying them off a distance, and laying them down; then each man taking his rope in his hand, placed himself by his fellow; the colonel rapped his man softly, and said—'Come, it is time for men of business to be on their way'; and then each one sprung upon his man, and after a most severe struggle they secured the whole number of the enemy.

After they were all safely bound, and the morning had so far advanced that they could discover objects distinctly, says the Indian Peter—'Ha! Col. Harper! now I know thee—why did I not know thee yesterday?' 'Some policy in war,' Peter. 'Ah, me find can so now.' The colonel marched the men to Albany, delivered them up to the commanding officer there, and by this bold and well-executed feat of valour, he saved the whole Scotch settlement from a wanton destruction."

#### LIFE OF SIR FRIZZLE PUMPKIN.

(Continued.)

"I was given to understand, on having my destination pointed out to me, that the latest expectations were entertained of my success, and the minister at my point me the highest compliments, on the courage and ability I had already displayed. 'The object of all these hopes and compliments—loaded with the good wishes of the whole nation—I declare to you, sir, that even then I found it impossible to summon the smallest resolution: I trembled as much as ever at the remotest appearance of danger; and while the thousands who cheered me enthusiastically as I stepped on board a transport on my way to the scene of warfare, believed that my thoughts were proudly fixed on ambition, alas! they were only directed to the appearance of the sea, which was a great deal more rough than suited my inclination. A thousand tales of shipwreck and suffering came vividly into my mind, and at every heave of the vessel I repeated more and more intensely that I had not long ago confessed my weakness, and enjoyed safety on dry land, even although it should be accompanied with contempt. But it was my fate, and I submitted. Besides my staff, there went out with me in the transport a large portion of the—th regiment of foot. For several days our voyage was smooth and easy. Even I had in some degree recovered my usual spirits, and every thing seemed going on as favourably as we could wish. Towards evening, however, of the seventh day from our leaving the shores of England, a strange sail appeared at a considerable distance, and created some degree of alarm even among the hardy sailors. As night was closing in upon us fast, we were in hopes of avoiding her in the darkness; and, till the dawn again appeared, we made all the sail we could. By the first grey twilight of the morning, it was evident our hopes were fallacious. The ship had gained upon us in the night, and was crowding all her canvass to come up with us. A consultation was immediately held, and the master of our vessel candidly told us, that should our pursuer prove to be an enemy, resistance was perfectly fruitless, as it was clear she was a frigate of the very largest class. I sat in silence and consternation; several of my officers advised our defending ourselves to the last—my own desire was to surrender on the first summons, and so save the effusion of blood. The frigate now drew near, and firing a gun across our bows, showed French colours. We kept all sail up, and made the best of our way. My fear now got the upper hand of my discretion, and I said to the master of the transport, 'Trust to me on this occasion; I and the soldiers will go below—it will save many lives; yield as soon as you can; but for any sake let us get quickly under hatches.' As I said this I ordered my soldiers down below, and slunk as quickly into the hold as I possibly could, as I felt certain the next gun would be fired upon us in earnest. I lay below in utter darkness for I suppose an hour, my apprehensions increasing with every minute. After so considerable a lapse of time, as I heard no more firing, and had perceived a great hustle upon the deck, I concluded that we were fairly captured, and were pursuing our way to the enemy's coast. The heat where I lay was oppressive; many of my men were huddled together, and there was beginning to be felt a great scarcity of fresh air. The hatches were down, but luckily not fixed. Unable any longer to bear the confinement, I said, 'Now, my lads, let us get as quick as we can up on deck; if the enemy makes any show of violence, we'll assure them we're perfectly prepared to strike.' These words, which I uttered in the most hopeless dependency, seemed to inspire my soldiers with the utmost courage. A universal shout was the only answer they vouchsafed, and in a moment the hatches were thrown up; several muskets were discharged—I heard the struggles of men upon the slippery deck, and ere I reached the scene of action eight Frenchmen lay dead, and about twelve others were driven forward into the portholes, and were crying for quarter with the most frantic exclamations. When I appeared there was a general hurra; and being half bewildered with the suddenness of the whole transaction, I ordered the firing immediately to cease, and assured the Frenchmen of their safety under my protection. The master, who had been confined in his cabin, now joined the group on deck, and assured me he had acted exactly according to my orders, though he could not have supposed so gallant an achievement would be the result of what he had done. Luckily none of our men were seriously hurt; and I heard an old sergeant, who had been near me

in the hold, expatiating very warmly on my transcendent courage, and he concluded his panegyric by a compliment to my wit: 'Dumme, says I to myself, says I, when we was all ordered below, what's young Thunderbolt [the sobriquet by which I was known in the ranks] arter now? Well, we lays down in that 'ere hole, and the General he never says 'nothin' at all, but sits as quiet and cool as if he was over a glass o' gin and water; thinks I to myself, this here will never do by no means whatsoever; but then, you see, he says, says he at last, just as if he was goin' into no danger at all, says he, Dumme, says he, we'll show them there Frenchmen how us Britons can strike; and I think as how we has struck 'em, poor devils, sore enough.'

We pursued our way without any further molestation, and arrived at our destination in time to disembark the same evening. As I was, of course, in the greatest haste to join the main army, I considered myself lucky in procuring a conveyance in the town at which we landed; and accompanied by a single aide-de-camp, I set off for the neighborhood of —, in which our army was at that time encamped. Night came down upon us almost before we were aware; and just as we entered the range of mountains which skirts the province of —, we were enveloped in total darkness. My companion, after several apologies for his drowsiness, resigned himself quietly to sleep. I was most anxious to follow his example, but I was aware the country was in a very lawless state, and my apprehensions of the brigands effectually drove off my slumbers. At every lurch in that execrable road, I feared it was some impetuous thrown in our way, to enable the robbers to execute their purpose; and besides, my alarm was still more excited, as I knew it was no uncommon thing for the postillions themselves to be in league with the most ferocious of the banditti. Tormented with these thoughts, I had no refreshing sleep, yet the motion of the carriage, and the coolness of the night air, joined to the fatigue of a long voyage, threw me every now and then into a disturbed sort of slumber, from which ever and anon I started up, terrified by the most appalling dreams. At last the worst of my fears seemed to stand a fair chance of being realized. The carriage all at once stood still, though it was now so dark that I could not see the cause of the delay. I heard, however, the tread of a horse, and in a moment after the window was let down, and some hard substance hit me a violent blow on the temple. Without premeditation, in the first natural effort of my fright, I laid firm hold of the assaulting object, and found it to be a pistol of enormous size, pointed directly to my head. With the eagerness of self-preservation, I turned it to a side, and grasped with all the strength I could muster, the arm of the assailant. All this passed in silence. For myself, I was much too agitated to speak, and the person who attacked us maintained an equal reserve. I could at last only summon breath enough to say to the postillion, 'Drive on, or you may expect instant death.' And in a moment he put his horses into motion, while I still, rigidly but unconsciously, retained my hold of the arm of our antagonist. A groan, exorted from him by the agony of the first jerk, showed me that his arm was either very much strained, or perhaps broken, by coming in contact with the window of the carriage, for I gave all my weight, and all my strength, which was at that time very remarkable, to retain my grasp. In order to ease his wounded limb as much as possible, he made his horse go close to our side; his groans at every tug were very distressing, and I doubt not, if I had been my own master at the time, my compassion would have induced me to let him go. But with the instinct of self-protection, I kept him close prisoner in spite of his manifest sufferings. Day broke while we were yet in these relative positions, and my companion was still sound asleep. At length we arrived at a village in the occupation of our troops, and the morning *reville* was just sounded as we drove up the narrow street. The robber was still by our side, his arm still convulsively clutched by me from within; and as the carriage drew up where a regiment had taken its station for parade, the astonishment of the soldiers was visibly depicted on their countenances at so unusual a sight. My aide-de-camp at this time awakened, and I think his astonishment was one of the most amusing exhibitions I had ever seen. In few words I related how it had occurred, and he immediately jumped out and secured the unfortunate and now completely subdued depredator. When it was ascertained in the ranks who I was, and the story, with many embellishments, found its way among the men, their manifestations of delight could scarcely be controlled. The man was soon recognised to be a brigand of astonishing reputation—second only in atrocity and fame to the celebrated Polinario. Many parties had been sent after him in pursuit, but he had hitherto eluded their search, or even sometimes ventured on a daring and successful resistance. He was therefore an object of no common curiosity, and the odd manner of his capture added in no small degree to the feeling. His arm, I found, was broken; and the agony of the pain seemed to have entirely mastered his spirit, for he never even attempted to release himself, and seemed only happy if by yielding his arm freely to the motions of the carriage, he could prevent any addition to his pangs. I was sorry that dire necessity exacted his life, but the gibbet was a punishment his cruelty and lawlessness had richly earned,—yet I was not altogether pleased with the noise my share in the capture made, &c. I was aware, among people of his class, it might incite his associates to revenge his loss upon the individual who caused it. However, it made me

only the more rigid in maintaining rigid discipline; and in a few months after my arrival I had brought the forces under my command to a state of military organization to which they had not previously been accustomed."

I need not engage your attention with a detail of my proceedings while I was attached to the grand army, and under the control of the supreme head. My fame then only increased as being a sharer of the laurels of the whole army; it was only when placed in an independent command, that fortune wove a chaplet for my own peculiar brows. In the spring of the year 18—, whilst our glorious chief was pursuing his successes in the provinces of — and —, I was detached to the neighborhood of —, to watch the movements of the Duc de —. This, you are aware, was one of the most distinguished of the "sons of the empire." He had, it is true, been outmanoeuvred on one occasion by his Grace, but you must know, as a military man, that the excellence of his dispositions, and the orderliness of his retreat, amply redeemed what he had lost in professional reputation. Against him I was sent with a large, though mixed force; and it even under the protection of the whole British army I felt tormented with almost unceasing terrors, you can guess what my feelings were on being given up to the furs of the Duc de — by myself. The feelings of Daniel on descending into the lion's den, if he had not been preternaturally endowed, must have borne a great resemblance to mine on undertaking this expedition. However, I submitted with the usual philosophy to what was unavoidable, and set out upon my march with "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," though a victim all the time to the most ferocious fancies, and startled at the shadows of coming evil. On arriving in the vicinity of the enemy, I made it my first business to strengthen my own position as much as possible. For this purpose I formed lines, on a smaller scale indeed, but as similar as I could to those of Torres Vedras. Secure in my entrenchments, or, when I did move out, always cautious to leave a certainty of a retreat into them once more, I watched the enemy with more comfort, and a greater feeling of security, than I had experienced for many years. The foe seemed to be as cautious as myself, but my situation was infinitely to be preferred. I was well supplied with every sort of provision, my position was nearly impregnable, and the whole circumference of the country was commanded by the disposition of my troops. From day to day my courage waxed higher and higher, till at last, on seeing the enemy so long quiescent, I made no doubt that pusillanimity was the cause of their repose, and rejoiced, with a joy which I find it impossible to describe, that the Duc de — was as great a coward as myself. Full of these hopes, I now on several occasions ventured beyond my lines to reconnoitre. But even at those times I did not by any means trust myself with few attendants. I was generally accompanied by a large staff, and had my movements covered by several thousands of the troops. The enemy, on my first presenting myself in this manner, made demonstrations of an active attack, upon which I immediately withdrew to my entrenchments, and was thankful I had for that time effected my escape. But when for several days I had repeated the same operation, they no longer showed any symptoms of opposition, but allowed me in peace and safety to go along the whole extent of their line, and did not seem to be incommoded by the movements of so considerable a force. When I had gone on in this manner for nearly three weeks, (for I was delighted with the courage I had at last been enabled to assume,) things quite unexpectedly took a very different turn. A regiment of British cavalry, the Irish brigade, and a regiment of Cacadores, were the party appointed to cover my progress. They staid, of course, at a considerable distance from my staff, but somewhat closer to the enemy, in order to intercept any force which might be sent against us. The enemy, I was surprised to see, had changed the disposition of his troops. He had drawn them closer to the hill on which my camp was placed, and formed them into a semicircle round its base. Accordingly, on reaching the end of their line, I found myself alarmingly near to the outposts of their right wing, and hastily turned my horse, in order to retire to my entrenchments. But, skirting the hill at a fearful pace, and making rapidly for the place where I stood, I saw a large body of the enemy's cavalry. In an instant I put spurs to my horse, and flew like the wind. I waved my hat for my escort to come to my assistance, and began utterly to despair, as I saw but small prospect of escape. At last I joined the forces, which were hurrying to my aid, and still in terror and hopelessness urged my horse to the very top of his speed. The cavalry dashed after me with the wildest impetuosity—and ere I could check my horse, he had breasted the hill, and we rushed, like a torrent of sword and plume, into the totally unprepared masses of the enemy's left wing. A prodigious slaughter immediately took place; I shut my eyes to the horrid sights I saw every where around me, and as I had no hopes of ever finding my way out of the *valley*, unless supported by the whole army, I sent an aide-de-camp to the second in command, and ordered an immediate charge of the whole line. Down the gentle declivity of that hill rushed three-and-twenty thousand men, in double quick time,—I heard a tremendous volley, followed by a still more awful shout, and nature reeled before me. I saw no more, and sank in a delirium of fear and horror, quite insensible, upon the ground. The victory was by far the most complete that had been gained during the whole war—there were 8000 men

killed, and 13,000 prisoners, besides an immense quantity of military stores. But the consequences of the battle were still more important. The enemy abandoned the whole province, and the impregnable fortress of — immediately surrendered. I was shot through the arm, and the horse I rode was killed by a bayonet stab.

The whole glory of the victory was attributed to me. The plan of inducing the enemy to strengthen his right wing, and then leading the attack so instantaneously upon his weakened left, was considered one of the most illustrious incidents in the art of war; and I have blushed over and over again to hear it compared in intricacy of plot, and brilliancy of execution, to the Duke of Marlborough's celebrated passage of the causeway of Arleux, in which he outwitted the great Marshal Villars. The honours that were heaped upon me were quite overpowering. I received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and was presented with the freedom of the city of London in a gold box. The gratitude of the Spanish nation knew no bounds. I was the theme of many of their songs; I was called in some of their ballads only inferior to the Cid; and in honour of me, by a delicate compliment of that highly chivalrous nation, a Pumpkin became a favourite dish at the tables of the highest of their nobility. In the meantime my wound gave me no small inconvenience: some of the minor nerves were lacerated, and afflicted me with intolerable pain. This, joined to the continuance of my fears, (for every new success seemed only to make me more timorous and apprehensive,) preyed seriously upon my health. His Grace wrote me a letter with his own hand, thanking me for the assistance I had rendered him, and complimenting me on the ability I had displayed. This I perhaps prized more than any of the other honours, but, alas! what right can I advance to all these praises? Many a more courageous man than I am, I was well convinced, had been shot for the basest cowardice—and yet!—I have really suffered more from the goadings of my conscience, and the reproaches of my own heart at my paltriness in remaining silent under so much unmerited eulogium, than I should have undergone had I boldly stated the truth, and consigned myself to infamy and security at once. Even now, however, it is not too late, and I find my heart relieved from an intolerable burden even by the confession I have now made to you."

#### TO MY FATHER, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Dear guardian of my early years—  
Protector! friend! most true;  
Oh! may thy child's sincerest prayers  
Ascend to Heaven for you.  
Oh! bless'd be He that spares thee now,  
To journey on life's way—  
With gratitude I praise His name!  
On this, thy natal day.  
Thou art not old, for o'er thy head  
But fifty years have passed;  
And sickness hath spared thee yet—  
Oh! may it to the last.  
And may the years roll smoothly on  
To life's most lengthen'd span,  
Free from the cares and trials sad,  
That mark the path of man.  
Then, when it pleaseth Him above  
To set thy spirit free,  
May He award thee for thy care  
Bless'd immortality. *Liza.*

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The London Court Journal has the following jokes, founded on the present rage for Zoology in England. Part of them are not well understood without a minute knowledge of local circumstances—but others will not need this aid.

"Mr. Alderman Wood, for instance, is reported to have given a dog, in a most interesting state of madness; his colleague, Mr. Thompson, has presented a dormouse, warranted to sleep soundly; and Sir Claudius Stephen has contributed the identical white horse, respecting which the public mind has been so frequently excited. Sir Richard Vyse has presented a Cornish chough; the Earl of Winchelsea, a green Finch; and the Hon. Miss Eden, a bird of Paradise. Mr. Hook has sent a pike, celebrated for its antipathy to Kingfishers, but incapable now of doing much harm. Sir C. Wetherall has presented a chatterer; and Mr. Wall, a stone-chat. Mr. Hunt's donation is a prodigious bear; my Lord Mayor's a turtle; and Mr. Nash's, a wren of the very smallest size. A lame duck has been sent by Mr. Rothschild; and a Secretary-vulture, for which he had no further use, by Sir R. Peel. Miss Ellen Tree has sent some leaf insects, with several storks; Mr. Attwood, a toucan (principally from his aversion to the Bill); and the Duke of Wellington, a splendid sword-fish. The disciples of Mr. Irving have sent a large swallow; the cricket-club, a vast number of bats; and the moderate Reformers, a nest of creepers. Sir John Leach and Sir Robert Heron, have presented the animals whose names they bear,—others have followed their example, Sir Martin Shee, sending a she-martin; Mr. Cattermole sending a mole and a cat; 'Eliu,' a Lamb; the Bard of Hope, a camel, and the Ettrick Shepherd a hog. Lord Tullamore sends a humming-bird, somewhat defective in its brilliancy; Mr. Sadler, a long-eared owl; and the friends of Polish independence, a sloth. Science will, no doubt, gain much by these and similar appropriate donations; should we hear of more we shall not fail to record them."

## THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 8, 1831.

## THE TYTHINGMAN.

There lived a few years since in a little town in Connecticut, a man by the name of Standfast Holdfast, who was at the same time a captain of the militia, a deacon of the church, and a tythingman of the town. He was also a wheelwright, a farmer, and a tavernkeeper. His house was just opposite, and within a few yards of the church; and his sign, which bore on one side the device of a punch-bowl, and on the other the effigy of Old Nicholas himself with his horns and tail, might be heard creaking from morning till night and from night till morning, to the great annoyance of his guests.

During fair weather the Deacon farmed it; during foul, he made and mended wagons, wheel-barrrows, and other vehicles; and on Sundays he made money by taking up travellers and exacting a fine. He also derived a farther profit, by detaining as long as possible those thus arrested, and charging very bountifully for meat, drink, and lodging for themselves, and provender and stabling for their horses.

He was accounted an exceedingly devout man, a regular attendant at church, and a strict observer of family worship. But sooth to say there was a degree of worldly prudence at bottom, which operated effectually to prevent his spiritual concerns from ever becoming detrimental to his carnal interests. Though he usually performed his family devotions in a front room and with the window open, so that his pious example might be duly noticed by his neighbors—there was another motive for this arrangement, namely, the convenience of keeping an eye upon the street, to see if any travellers were passing on Sunday, and if any were driving up to his tavern on a weekday. But sometimes his devotions were entirely omitted of a morning, when his worldly business drove him; but these omissions were supplied with interest on the succeeding evening, the first rainy day, or at all events as soon as business began to slacken a little; so that, to use a phrase of his own, though he harrowed a great many spare hours of the Lord, he was careful to square up all accounts in the course of the year.

At church, instead of sitting with his brother deacons in the official seat beneath the pulpit, he constantly took his station in a pew on the front side of the meeting-house, looking out upon the main road and upon his tavern opposite, and also so near the door that he could slip out in a moment of time, and without much disturbing the congregation. Here, with his twofold prudence, which at the same time looked heavenward and earthward, he could listen to the preaching with his ears, while he kept his eyes devoutly fixed on the road, to see if any traveller had the impetuosity to attempt passing by—in which case he immediately sallied forth and arrested him.

Of all his various duties there was none which he discharged with so much zeal as this. Indeed, he had a threefold motive: he executed the law of the State in his office of tythingman; he showed his religious horror of Sabbath-breakers; and what was more important still, as we hinted above, he secured a guest for the benefit of his tavern. For though it vexed his soul beyond endurance to see people disregarding the Sabbath, it did not go against his conscience in the least to make a pretty penny out of these vile transgressors. Indeed it was a principle of his, as prudent as it was pious, that the saints have a perfect right to prey devoutly on the substance of the sinners.

But the office of tythingman, however important to religion and morals, is usually subject to no small degree of popular odium; and this is always increased exactly in proportion to the zeal and vigilance with which the office is discharged. It is not every traveller that takes his arrest and detention in good part; and some, with most unaccountable ingratitude, instead of thanking the devout tythingman for arresting them in the "broad road," would as likely as not meet his kind offices by calling him a meddling hypocrite and by knocking him down.

Such misfortunes had not unfrequently happened to Deacon Standfast Holdfast. But he bore them all with christian patience and fortitude—considering that on the whole he made money, discharged his duty to the State and the congregation, and finally purchased for himself an enviable rank among the saints. He set down these insults and oppositions as the bufftings of Satan; and only grew the more zealous in the execution of his office, the more he was insulted and opposed.

It is true, there were some travellers who submitted peaceably to the arrest, and without opposition discharged their fines, rather than make any disturbance, or, by opposing the execution of the law, subject

themselves to its further exactions. But there were certain fellows, who took the liberty of travelling on a Sunday, who proved themselves either too turbulent or too cunning for the tythingman's management.—Among these may be particularly mentioned the New York Dutchmen and the Yankee pedlars of tin-ware and other notions. We will give an instance or two by way of illustration.

As Deacon Standfast Holdfast was sitting in his pew one winter Sunday, looking out as usual upon the high-road, he descried a stout looking man, in a fur cap and gloves, with a sleigh and a pair of fine horses. The general aspect of the man and of his equipage was rather forbidding. But the devout desire of discharging his duty, and the temptation withal of making money, promptly decided the course of the tythingman. He rushed inconspicuously from the house of God, seized hold of the horses' reins, and ordered the traveller in an authoritative voice to stop.

"Stop!" exclaimed the stranger, who was fresh from the German Flats, "wat for shall I stop, ha?" "It's against the law here to travel on the Sabbath."

"Against de law? de dyvel it is! And wat tinks you I cares for de law of your town Yankee land, ha? I be's one Dutchman, and goes were I pleases on de Sunday, and all odder days."

"Yes, but you can't go where you please here on a Sunday. I'm the tythingman of the town."

"Well, if you be's de treshome man of de town, get out of de way and not drouble me."

"My duty forbids—you must stop till to-morrow."

"Wat! stop till to-morrow! I tells you I will not stop—so let go mine horses, before I knocks you down." Thus saying, the Dutchman began to suit the action to the word, by making ready his heavily-loaded whip, when the Deacon bawled out—

"Constable! constable!"

The traveller, coolly looking round and seeing the constable issuing from the church, exclaimed—"Oh, mishter treshome man, you may cry constable, constable, as much as you please—I don't care one tam for all de constables and treshome mens in Connecticut."

By this time the constable had got within reach of his loaded whip, when, letting drive, he laid him sprawling in a snow-bank; and giving his corn-fed horses a cherrup and a crack, they started suddenly forward, upset the deacon, passed glibly over his body, and went away with a speed that all the tythingmen and constables in the State, had they been sound in wind, limb and courage, could not have arrested.

The catastrophe was noticed from the church, and half the congregation poured forth to the aid of the vanquished. They carried them into the Deacon's house, where the constable, being more seriously frightened than hurt, pretty soon recovered. But the Deacon was found to have a broken leg and sundry severe bruises, all which confined him to the house for six weeks, to his exceeding great regret—for during this confinement his soul was every Sunday vexed to the quick by the wicked and insulting manner in which he beheld the laws of the State set at naught—his own sacred authority violated, and his usual gains cut off, by the shameful impunity with which travellers proceeded quietly on their way.

But at length the Deacon recovered, and was again seen at church, looking out from his pew as attentively as ever in search of the lawless and ungodly traveller. His pious zeal was rewarded with its usual success, and many odd shillings were added to the income of his tavern, his farm, and his wheelwright's shop. But he had the misfortune one Sunday to arrest a pedlar's wagon, loaded with all manner of notions, drawn by a raw-boned hungry horse, and driven by a man as hungry as his steed.

"I wish you would allow me to proceed on my journey," said the pedlar—"I have fifty miles to go this very day, and I hate possedly to be detained."

"Make yourself easy," said the tythingman, "you can't go another step to-day."

"But consider," said the pedlar, "it is now almost noon, and I want to get to an uncle's I have a little ahead to get something to eat. Neither I nor my horse have eaten a mouthful of anything since two hours before sunrise; and we're getting to be as hungry as a couple of graven images."

"Never mind your uncle's," returned the Deacon, "you shall have plenty to eat and drink here: and as you cannot be allowed to go a step further, you may as well make the best of it. I'll put up your horse, and lodge and feed you till to-morrow morning, when you may proceed on your journey."

"Well, if I must submit I must, as aunt Jerusha Applegate said when she was going to be married."

Thus saying, the pedlar very composedly yielded himself to the authority of the tythingman. His horse was put up and well fed with hay and oats; and his master having comforted his own stomach with a chunk

of cold roast beef, a pumpkin pie, and a mug of cider at the invitation of the Deacon accompanied him to church to hear the afternoon service; where he paid such good attention to the discourse and demeaned himself with such apparent devotion, that the Deacon was half inclined to think he had made a convert where he only expected to make money.

The pedlar ate a hearty Sunday supper (which in New England includes the dinner), saw that the steed was well attended, took a comfortable luncheon and a mug of cider just before going to bed, retired to rest, slept like a monarch, and rose in the morning to depart.

"You may as well stay to breakfast," said the Deacon.

"Well, just as you say," answered the Pedlar—how long will it be before you'll have breakfast?"

"Not above an hour—and in the meantime your horse will be filling himself with hay and oats."

"Well, just as you say, Deacon," again replied the pedlar—"you see I'm guided entirely by you. But while I'm sitting still, I may as well take a stroll round the village, and see if I can't make a market for some of my notions."

The pedlar finished his stroll, attended family devotions along with the tythingman, and acquired so hearty an appetite for breakfast that he seemed during that meal to lay in a week's provisions. His horse had done nearly equal justice to his keeping; and like his master, seemed to have laid in a store for several days to come.

Every thing being now ready, the pedlar mounted his wagon, and said—Good morning, Deacon—I'm much obliged to you for your preaching and your entertainment—and if ever you come our way—

"But you're not going without paying your bill?"

"Yes, but I am though. You compelled me to stop, and invited me to eat, and drink, and sleep, and all them are things—which, of course, I couldn't very well refuse. But as for paying for them—I couldn't think of such a thing, Deacon. So good bye to you."

"But recollect, sir, I keep a tavern, and it isn't my business to entertain people gratis. Here is your bill for eating, drinking, lodging, horse-keeping, &c, amounting in all to—"

"Never mind the amount, Deacon—I'll return the favor, when I become tythingman, and find you travelling on Sunday."

"You won't pay your bill then?"

"Not I—I'm much obliged to you, Deacon."

"Then I must compel you. Here, Hopeful," speaking to his eldest son, "take this bill to Squire Plumper's, and get a writ; and also get a warrant for this man for travelling on the Lord's day."

"You may save yourself that trouble and expense, Deacon," replied the pedlar; "for I can prove that you invited me to eat, drink, and lodge with you, and took care of my horse, all of your own accord; and therefore it is as contrary to law as it is to good manners to charge me with that—are bill. Besides, friend Deacon, I could not think of allowing you to sully your hospitality by taking my money. And as to the warrant for travelling on Sunday, that matter is already settled—for I called upon the Squire before breakfast, complained of myself, and saved half the fine, as you will see by this little bit of a document here"—taking a slip of paper from his pocket-book—

"and therefore, Deacon, once more thanking you for my entertainment, I bid you a very good morning."

The tythingman stood aghast, and the pedlar drove on, very well satisfied with the result of his arrest, by which, he declared, after deducting the expense of his fine, he had cleared thirteen shillings and sixpence, Yankee currency, considering the extra provisions that he and his horse had so bountifully stowed away.

**EYE-ROBBERY.** We perceive by the daily papers that some rascal has been stealing Doctor Scudder's eyes. He broke in while the doctor slept, and robbed him of the precious treasure; and as the doctor awoke in the morning, he saw plainly that his eyes were gone. He also missed some sixty dollars worth of pure gold, and a quantity of enamel, wherewith eyes are wont to be prepared. But looking upon the gold as of comparatively little value, the doctor declares that if he can only see his eyes again and the accompanying enamel, the thief may keep the gold and welcome—or, if he prefers it, may have an eye set in his head after the most approved style.

Who this eye-robber can be, is matter of much doubt and speculation. Some suppose him to be a Kentuckian who has been *gougled*; others believe him to be a newly converted Mormonite, who is still somewhat in the dark; while others again think he is nothing but a scurvy politician, who by making a show of eyes would have the

world suppose he can see more than he really can. But whoever he may be, one thing is certain, that there is not a *left eye* among all those taken.

**OUTRAGES ON HUMANITY.** A letter from a young gentleman in Virginia to his parents in New Hampshire, published in the Haverhill Post, details some of the barbarities practised on the negroes, who, in the late insurrection, were taken prisoners by the whites. They are such as should make their authors blush to be named in a civilized and christian country. Some of the blacks were put to death by torture. In one instance the prisoner was burnt with red-hot irons—had his ears and nose cut off—his ham-strings cut—was stabbed—and finally beheaded!

A gentleman travelling in Virginia at the time of the insurrection thus writes to the editor of the Boston Christian Herald: "In riding in the stage from Richmond to Fredericksburg, a passenger by the name of Smith, direct from the seat of the insurrection, stated that the blacks who were taken prisoners were killed in the most barbarous manner. Their noses and ears were cut off, the flesh of their cheeks cut out, their jaws broken asunder, and then set up as a mark to shoot at!"

It is dangerous for a white man even to express an opinion among whites, in favour of the abstract right of the slaves to freedom. An account of a most wanton and brutal outrage on a Mr. Robinson, now, or lately, in this city, is given in the Evening Sentinel. He was at Petersburg, Va., and in conversation on the subject of slavery, maintained that the blacks as men, were entitled to their freedom and ought to be emancipated. He was dragged in broad day from his boarding-house, carried out of town, stripped, tied to a tree, and nearly scourged to death, the authorities of Petersburg having refused to interfere for his protection. Such is law and justice where slavery prevails! It will be said in excuse, that the whites were in a state of great excitement and alarm. But does this justify deliberate cruelty or wanton outrage?—Never.

**DUELING.** A correspondent of the Boston Traveller, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Pettis, killed in the late duel in Missouri, and urged the calling out of Major Biddle, thus *repentingly* writes: "The death of Mr. Pettis, with its attending circumstances, has wrought a complete change in some of my sentiments. I have advocated duelling in the abstract, and on principle. But this melancholy scene, the recollection of which is filled with so many unpleasant reflections, will not permit me to countenance the practice, at least, not until the memory of this shall fade." And again: "A dark cloud rests upon that transaction whenever my mind reverts to it. The course—blind, rash and murderous—which I urged in this unfortunate affair, has left stings with me which nothing but religion can extract. I have had few moments of peace of mind since the death of my worthy friend."

**ATTACK ON THE MILITIA.** It is with much regret we have to state, that an attack was made, one day last week, on a regiment of the Militia of this city, by a band of oxen, who, though inferior in numbers, wounded two and routed the remainder. Readers abroad may perhaps be surprised at this result, and be ready to accuse our militia of want of spirit; but such an accusation, we are persuaded, would be unjust. We feel for the honor of our militia, and are exceedingly anxious that no false impression in regard to their prowess should get abroad. We believe the disaster above related was solely owing to their being taken by surprise, and of course were not quite prepared for the attack.

**STUMP ELOQUENCE.** One of the best criteria to judge of the eloquence of a speaker, is the effect he produces upon his audience. Every judicious speaker will adapt himself, both in his language and illustrations, to the capacity, the taste, and the prejudices of his audience. To address a fine speech, clothed in elegant terms, to a backwoods hunter, would be absurd—and most certainly would fail of the desired effect. Nobody understands this subject better than the *stump orators* of the West. We find the following specimen of real Kentucky eloquence, in the Cincinnati Chronicle. It is part of an electioneering speech, delivered by Mr. Davis the Congressional candidate in opposition to Mr. Daniels, whose inconsistency in regard to the Maysville turnpike he thus exposes:

"Here, fellow citizens, said he, we have a man who professed great friendship for this turnpike previous to his election—and afterwards, when a bill was before Congress to make an appropriation for it, he made speeches in its favor—voted for it—and it was passed and sent to the president for his signature, but returned with his *veto*. It then came before the House again, when lo! this ardent supporter of the bill turned and voted *against* it!"

"Now, gentlemen, what would you think of a



dog, that would go a coon hunting with you—follow the track well—bark well—run well—catch the coon—bite well—hold well,—and just as you had got up with him, and were in the very act of seizing hold of the coon, would let him go and turn and bark at you? I say, gentlemen, what would you do with such a dog?"

"Kill him! by thunder!—Shoot him! by jingo!" was the universal shout of the audience.

**ADDRESS OF A CORPORAL.** A young man was lately elected fourth corporal in one of our militia companies, when, the choice being announced, he stepped from the ranks to make a speech. Pulling off his hat and bowing profoundly, he said:—"Gentlemen officers and fellow soldiers, I entertain a very striking sense of the regard you have shown me in raising me to the office of your fourth corporal; it was altogether unexpected and unsought for—and" laying his hand on his heart—"I'll see you all in the bottom of the sea before I disgrace myself by accepting it!"

**KING'S SECRET.** There is no security for secrets in these days of writing and publishing.—King's secrets and Cabinet secrets, however sacred, are blazoned to the world without fear or remorse. The freedom of the press plays the mischief with the intrigues of Courts.

The above very sage reflections are induced by reading the new novel, called *THE KING'S SECRET*, published by J. & J. Harper, and written by the author of the "Lost Heir." Who this author is, we know not; but we know him to be a very clever writer, from the evidence both of the former and present work. *The King's Secret* belongs to the class of historical novels; and the secret consists—but, gentle reader, we know you will not thank us for telling you the secret—and therefore we leave you to find it out yourself.

**PHILIP AUGUSTUS.** The IX. and X. Nos. of Harper's Library of Select Novels are just published, consisting of "*Philip Augustus; or the Brothers in Arms.*" We have not yet perused the work; and therefore can say nothing at present of its merits; but our readers will be disposed to think highly of it, when we inform them it is written by the author of *Richelieu, Darnley, &c. &c.*

**PARK THEATRE.** The tragedy of the *GLADIATOR* was played, for the third time, on Monday evening. The house, though not so crowded as on the first night, was well filled. The acting was in some respects improved, and some of the least interesting parts of the play omitted. It was received with the same favour as at first; and, with Forrest's acting, will doubtless continue to be popular. The prologue and epilogue begin to be somewhat of an old story; and, though very well calculated for a first night, become tiresome by repetition.

**MR. SINCLAIR.**—or, as one of the Boston papers calls him, *Sing-clair*—from London, has been charming the lovers of melody by his singing. His voice is exceedingly manageable, and is easily thrown into all sorts of shapes—a fact of which he himself seems perfectly aware. Some of the lovers of music say he is too fond of his shakes—and, *argal*, no "great shakes" after all; while others, equally the lovers of vocal melody, profess to have their nerves most delightfully shaken by these musical shakes. For our part, we are no judge; but we noticed that the audience made him sing most of his songs twice, and one three times over. In London, we understand, they were still more unreasonable—requiring, in one instance, half-a-dozen repetitions.

The following toast was given at the late Horticultural celebration in Boston:

**The Fico Webster.**—One an X-pounder of the American language, the other a 76-pounder of the American Constitution.

**CENSUS.** The population of the United States, by the last census, is 12,856,407; the gain in the last ten years having been over 32 per cent.

**DIED.**—In this city yesterday, aged 71, *James E. Thompson.* He was one who served in our revolutionary contest, with a perseverance and a vigor which did not attach to every one engaged in that important struggle for principle. He was emphatically and truly one whose whole heart and soul was devoted honestly and virtuously to the furtherance of the doctrines which were laid down by those who destroyed the tea at Boston.—*Albany D. Adv.*

The Rev. Nathaniel S. Wheaton, of Hartford, Ct., has been chosen *President* of Washington College, Hartford, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Bishop Brownell.—*Midd. Sent.*

## DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

Major THOMAS BIDDLE, whose untimely death the community are now called upon to deplore, was in the 41st year of his age at the time of his decease. During the last war, Major Biddle was an officer in the army; and served as captain of the artillery, during the severe campaigns of 1813 and 1814, on the northern frontiers.—He was in a regiment under the command of Gen. Scott, and acted a distinguished part at the capture of Fort George.

At the commencement of the battle of Chippewa, a picket guard under the command of another officer, had been routed and were running away, when they were rallied and led back to their post by captain Biddle, in a way which elicited the marked applause of the commanding general. At the battle of Lundy's Lane, one of the most murderous conflicts of modern times, he particularly distinguished himself, by bringing off the field the only piece of the enemy's artillery, which was retained by the Americans, as a trophy of the hard fought battle. The identical piece is now, we believe, preserved at Washington, bearing an appropriate inscription commemorative of the gallantry of its captor.

At the siege of Fort Erie, and during the memorable period of gloom and despondency, captain Biddle rendered himself as conspicuous for his persevering firmness and fortitude while shut up in the fortress and surrounded by a numerous and exasperated foe, as he had formerly done by his active and energetic courage. His companions in arms still remember and delight to commemorate the efficiency of his services at that critical period.

After the conclusion of peace, captain Biddle was brevetted with the rank of Major, which rank he held, together with the office of paymaster in the U. S. army, at the time of his decease. Major Biddle removed to this city many years since, and has ever been considered one of its most active, intelligent and enterprising citizens.—Prompt and decided in his conclusions, and justly relying on the convictions of his own judgment, if he sometimes erred, it was the lot of humanity; and few men could lay claim to more originality of character and vigor of intellect than he. To his honor as a soldier, and his fidelity as a friend his numerous surviving acquaintances can testify; and to his devotion as a husband, the sorrows of a heart-broken widow bear melancholly evidence.

That such a man should fall a victim to those false notions of honor, which are, alas! so prevalent, cannot be too deeply regretted. And we do most fervently hope, that we may never again witness such another tragedy as that which has deprived us of the gallant and lamented BIDDLE.—*St. Louis Times.*

From the London Court Journal.

## MY DAUGHTER'S SCRAP-BOOK.

It is now exactly sixteen years since the birth of my daughter. I had a large mahogany trunk made, with an office at top, large enough to receive a paper of moderate size; and resolved to solicit my friends for contributions in prose or verse, which were not to be read till her sixteenth birthday. The time has now come.—For several months past, I have endeavored to recollect each individual who contributed to the store, for the purpose of inviting them to be present when it was opened. But sixteen years have made a great havoc in my list of friends; those whom that lapse of time has not removed altogether, it has, in many instances, changed. But still I am gratified for those who are yet left. In some, I see the approach of old age, and wonder if they make the same remark upon me; in others, I can trace scarcely any diminution of health and spirits.—I fear few of them make a similar observation on the appearance of their host. I am not yet old; but a man with a daughter of sixteen need make no great pretences to the character of being young.

When my guests were all assembled, there was, of course, no want of conversation about the days of long yore; and the approach of the birthday was not looked forward to with any impatience, as it might be considered, in some sort, the signal of our separation. However, with whatever feelings its approach was regarded, it was hailed, when it actually arrived, with every symptom of satisfaction. The heroine of the day had exerted her taste, in fixing on a romantic spot for the scene of our *fete champetre*. She had selected a secluded dell, a short distance up the river, which meanders around my lawn, where a thick clump of trees secured us a delightful shade, while the open lands, on each side, supplied us, through the leaves, with a refreshing breeze. Here, then, we all assembled. The mystic box, to which, in other days, our respects had so frequently been paid, was carried to our tent, and occupied a conspicuous place during our entertainment. I thought I traced on some countenances a slight shade of anxiety, for, unless to professed authors, it is rather a trying event to have one's compositions submitted to so numerous an assembly. There were, luckily, however, no critics amongst us, to mar our enjoyment, either by their downright objections, or their faint praise. Every thing which was read was listened to with the deepest attention, and an appearance of the most glowing admiration reigned on all our features.—particularly, I remarked, on those of the authors of the performance. Theatables, having at length, disappeared, and the wine cooled by immersion in the river, being set upon the table, we proceeded to the business of the day. The box was opened with the greatest solemnity, and a paper lifted up from the mass, without any selection, and laid before me for public perusal. I opened it, and the title—"Life, in four Sonnets,"—and immediately, before looking to the signature, I perceived, by a certain fidgetiness in my facetious friend, Tom Saunders, that he had some recollection who was the author of the performance. Tom is the clergyman of the next village to where I live, and a better fellow, "within the limits of becoming mirth," it is impossible to meet with. It is strange, that during

the whole of our long acquaintance, I never suspected him of ever attempting the art of rhyme; the utmost effort in the poetical department, for which I could have given him credit, would have been a rebus or a charade; my surprise, therefore, and that of all the auditors, may easily be imagined, when I read the following sentimental and melancholy effusion:—

I see (where glides the river on its way  
Through the lone vale with leafy trees embower'd,  
While all around an odorous stream is show'ring  
From the young flowers which deck the lap of May.)  
A little girl who carols at her play,  
And weaves bright chaplets for her autumn hair,  
In many a cluster floating on the air;  
But soon she casts the chaplet far away,  
To float adown the river! Ne'er thinks she  
An emblem of herself those flowers are made,  
Which bloom like pleasure, and like pleasure, fade;  
Brightening, yet withering, upon life's dull sea  
Happily she looks through tearless eyes,  
And thinks not how her will fade, nor pleasure die.

Locks of gold. You child is woman now,  
And still her eye retains the light it wore  
In childhood; just within its depths a store  
Of nobler thoughts than childish years allow  
Is shining beautiful, yet half conceal'd;  
And love has placed his finger on her cheek,  
Whose pale pure hue speaks more than words can speak.  
Of hopes e'en to herself but half reveal'd;  
But see, she smiles, as if in waking dream!  
And moves her ripe red lip; and as a name  
She utters, lo! a flush (but not of shame)  
Tinges her pale cheek with a rosy gleam!—  
And she is happy! yet in sad-like guise!  
For love may still be happy, though he sighs!

Again I see the child,—a child no more,  
And Youth himself hath waved his buoyant wing,  
As if for ever from her brow to spring,  
Where years have dimmed the light which shone before.  
Still gleams her eye; but, oh! how chang'd its gleam  
Since first I saw it in that sunny hour,  
When, fresh with childhood's hopes, she wear'd the flow'rs:  
Then cast it careless to the wand'ring stream!  
And on that form, Time's finger hath been laid,  
But not in anger; still she smiles to hear  
The tale which mingles her of the vanish'd year,  
When love and gladness round her bright hearth play'd,  
And long-lost charms came back as once they came,  
And death—chill'd joy revives at memory's flame!

Again! again I look; and what is this?  
Art thou the child,—the woman once I view'd,  
Who ling'ring thus in sad, cold solitude?  
O! what a fall! Where now is all thy bliss?  
Thy children,—where! they! All gone,—and thou  
Left and lone to mourn, yet scarce to weep.  
The wild wind which did strip thee in its sweep,  
And left thee leafless as a winter's bough?  
Thine eyes, how dim! Thy form no more bedeck'd  
With grace, with beauty,—years have swept o'er thee,  
As doth the wild sirocco o'er the sea,  
And left thee, mid its vastness, torn and wreck'd;  
Yet smiles will visit thee,—as roses wave  
Their flexible sweetness e'en above the grave!

The reading of these verses was received with an applause to which I will not venture to deny that our friendship towards the author added great part of the sincerity. Another dip was made into the storehouse of the Muses, and a thin slip of paper, with no name or designation outside, was placed in my hands. I had had a great curiosity about this identical performance for some years,—I recollected its appearance the moment I saw it, and turned, with no little satisfaction, to gratify my curiosity. In the winter of 1823, I was sitting in my quiet parlour, engaged with one of the *Waverley* Novels, and the sleet and rain which were battering against my window, added, no doubt, to the selfish and Lucretian comforts of my situation. A long loud rap at the outer door, startled me from my delightful repose, and conjecture went speedily to work as to who could be my visitor at that untimely hour. My wife looked almost alarmed, and a certain bustle which soon after took place in the lobby, did not tend to quiet her apprehensions. In a short time the parlour door was opened, and a stranger walked very composedly in. He was a tall man, with his hair slightly grizzled, fine bold grey eyes, and a brow of uncommon height. I am (I may say, in a parenthesis) so far a disciple of Lavater, as to place great confidence in a man's genius, from the size and shape of his forehead. The stranger's rank was dubious,—he might be a gentleman, though, at first sight, he looked more like a substantial farmer, than one of the more aristocratic classes of society. His manners, however, were the easiest I had ever seen. In a few words, he told me he had thrown himself on my hospitality as he had been overtaken by the storm, and added, that he always preferred the society in the parsonage to that which might be thrown into it at an inn. I welcomed him to my "humble shed," and, with a sigh, laid aside my book, just when Jeanie Deans was presented to the Duke of Argyll. He was not wet; he had put his horses into my stable, and gave sundry hints that the sooner supper was produced the better. I perceived, in a moment, from the sound of his voice, that he was an honest Caledonian, and the Doric simplicity of his dialect added a great zest to the enjoyment of his conversation. His information was exact and various. On all subjects he seemed equally well prepared, and I was very soon led not to regret the interruption which his presence had put to my perusal, even of the *Heart of Midlothian*. I asked him, in the course of conversation, if he had read the work, and, to my surprise, he replied in the negative. Of all the other books, by the same author, he professed an equal degree of ignorance. "Never," he said, "have I read any of these printed books; they would be a great waste of time, for I'm thinken I ken as muckle about the *Heart o' Midlothian*, as any body could tell me." I remarked a very odd expression in my wife's countenance after these remarks, and, when I went out to make some extra preparation for our unexpected guest, she took an opportunity of following me, and stating her perfect conviction that the stranger was no other than the Great Unknown. I was somewhat staggered by her suspicion,—I had seen prints of the distinguished person, who was at that time only suspected to be the author, and his resemblance to our nameless guest was striking—the same fine deep eye, the same magnificent brow.

I went down and brought out a bottle of Champagne

from the cellar, on the chance of its really being the Shakspeare of the North. His appetite, when supper was laid before him, was the most wonderful exhibition I had ever witnessed, but it in no respect interfered with his conversation. Plateful after plateful disappeared with the most marvellous celerity; story after story gave us food for laughter or admiration, and, in short, I must confess I was, at last, firmly of my wife's opinion. I asked him for a contribution, whether in prose or verse, for the box, which was in the room at the time; and immediately after the cloth was removed, while preparations were making for an attack on the brandy and water, he took up a half sheet of paper, wrote something upon it, and slipped it through the chink, without saying a word. He now proceeded to his potatoes, which I was fairly forced to acknowledge, left his previous exertions, in the eating department, completely in the shade. Whether it was my pride, on having such a guest, deprived me of my usual prudence, or the agitation of my spirits produced a speedier effect, I don't know; but I must candidly confess, that for the last half dozen tubers which he took, I had lost all relish or understanding of his conversation; but at length in a delirium of delight, I moved off to my bed, prepared to boast, to my dying day, that my table had been honored by the presence of the author of "*Ivanhoe*" and "*Waverley*." Next morning, my disappointment was as great as had been my delight. The stranger had gone off, almost before the dawn, and left no token by which he could be recognized. I continued in a state of great uncertainty for a length of time,—I became very cross and uncertain in my temper, and turned off my butler on suspicion of having stolen half a dozen silver spoons. I made many inquiries as to the movements of Sir Walter, but could hear no exact tidings of when he had been in England. At last I began to give up all hopes, unless in the scrap of paper he had put into the box, and looked forward to the day of its being opened with no little anxiety. I accordingly unravelled the paper, with trembling hands, and read the following words:

"Sir,—I am much obliged to ye for the guide entertainment, and also as I am in want o' some siller, the noo havin' just come out o' the *Heart o' Midlothian* that ye and yer wife is aye clackin' about, I hae hipit myself to yer sax bits o' spoons, and will ever remain yer debtor for the same.

JAMES MACDOUGALL."

There was, you may well suppose, no lack of laughter on this unfortunate discovery; for though I never openly stated that I had had so celebrated a man as my guest, I confess I had given the neighborhood to understand, by implication, that he had honored me with a visit. The laughter was still further increased by the information which one of the company bestowed, that the *Heart o' Midlothian*, from which my mysterious friend had just come out, was nothing more or less than the common prison of Edinburgh.

## MR. SINCLAIR.—THE VOCALIST.

This gentleman, whose recent appearance at the Park theatre, New York, has made no small sensation among the musical people of that gay city, is something of a lion, and we, ever intent on catering for the amusement and information of our readers, think a sketch of him may not be malapropos. He is a Scotlman, of "warm heart and right grude will," and has been almost from his birth (1790) characterised by his fondness for music. Determined to try the stage, he obtained thro' a friend a letter of introduction to a country manager, which, when opened by the young vocalist in the presence of a comrade, contained the following words—"Sam,—this will be presented you by a young gentleman, who is determined to go to the devil in his own way, and as I know no one so intimate with the old fellow as yourself, I entrust him to your particular care. Yours, &c."—He joined at an early age the celebrated band of *Sow*, attached to the regiment of Col. Campbell, and distinguished himself by his performance on the clarinet. Notwithstanding his father's dislike to his pursuits, he continued attached to them, and after saving a handsome sum from his receipts as a teacher at Aberdeen, and a first appearance which was very successful, he became the pupil of that eminent musician, Thomas Welsh.

Cotemporary in education as in fame, with Horn, Stephens, and Mery, Sinclair rapidly improved, and a profitable engagement at Covent Garden, established his character. In 1816 he married a Miss Norton, the daughter of a distinguished British officer. In 1819 he quit England for the purpose of travelling and improvement in his art. At Paris, Pellegrini was his master, and at Milan, Basderah. He visited every town in Italy, where there was an opera, and heard every singer of note.

In 1819 Rossini gave him instructions, and the Manager of San Carlos offered him an engagement, which circumstances, connected with the state of the country, prevented him from accepting. In that at Pisa, Bologna, Modena, Florence, Venice, and Genoa, Mr. Sinclair was received with every honor that belongs to his profession. Dukes, Princes and Kings, were among his friends and audiences. The Majesties of Sardinia, Austria and Russia (the two latter being in Italy), approved his efforts in the serious opera, and at length after rejecting numerous offers of great honor and profit, he came home and made his appearance at Covent Garden, in 1823. His efforts were crowned with complete success. The town rang with him. His voice was pronounced clear, sweet and powerful; his taste refined and pure; his execution beautiful and effective. Such is Mr. Sinclair, and a travelled friend, who is a good judge in these matters, adds to this sketch, "In my opinion he is a much more pleasing singer than Braham."—*Albany Gazette.*

## POINTERS—A SHOOTING ANECDOTE.

"Lord — and his party were seated at breakfast in the Hotel, talking over the events of the preceding evening, when the waiter came in to announce, that there were several men at the door with dogs for sale, having been directed to call with them at ten o'clock by his Lordship's keeper.

"Why, what is this," said his brother, "I thought you had sent down your own dogs?"

"I sent two brace of pointers," replied the Peer, "but Malcolm thinks that we shall require more."

"Certainly," said Malcolm, "if you are going to follow the sport with great vigour, for, as I told you, my brother has the very worst dogs in the country,—a cruel curs."

"I thought he was a great sportsman," said the Peer.

"So he is, after a fashion. Not that I would go out with him again for any consideration. But, at all events, no one else can make any thing of his dogs. I only wish you could see the party coming up to a point."

"Then they do point," said Lord —.

"Yes, but only for a certain length of time, with regard to which they exercise their own absolute discretion. If, however, you are not very fast, you have no chance of getting a shot."

"And what does the Laird do, when they point? Does he run?"

"Yes, as hard as he can. You would never forget if you were once to see him with his keepers and gillies coming up at the 'pas de charge,' each running faster, and bawling louder, than the others, in hopes of restraining the excessive ardour of the dogs, and of confining their wavering steadiness. If, however, it so happens that they allow him to get a shot, and any birds are killed, there is a second trial of speed, in order to rescue the slain, the gillies shouting louder, and running even faster, than before."

"What! do they mouth their birds also," said Lord —.

"Mouth," repeated Malcolm, "I should think they did; why, they would bolt them wholesale did not the fathoms puzzle them. But it is no wonder. My brother halves them after any that are wounded, and quite caresses them if they bring back vealies sufficient to reckon in the way of trophy. But let us see these animals at the door," moving, as he spoke, towards the window, followed by the others.

There, indeed, a sight met their eyes, such as quite beggars description. In point of numbers, there were dogs enough to constitute a strong pack of hounds; and the naturalist might have been gratified at the opportunity so rarely presented, of having every possible variety of the species under his view at once. There were certainly some few which resembled those usually employed in shooting; but their number was very inconsiderable, and far exceeded by absolute non-descripts; in short, the appearance of the whole, united with the very sinister aspect of their (not lawful) possessors, produced an effect inconceivably ludicrous.

When Lord — and his friends had indulged in sundry loud shouts of laughter, at the appearance of the group, the waiter was directed to send up one of the vendors; and that individual following the dictates of a private friendship, gave the first chance of effecting a sale to the possessor of four as extraordinary animals as there were in the whole lot.

The first couple that rushed into the room consisted of a passable enough cocking spaniel, and a huge black collie, or shepherd's dog, which, from his vast superiority in point of strength, exercised a most despotic sway over his ill-matched coke-fellow, dragging him here and there just as he pleased. Then came a rather long haired lurcher, coupled up with an animal that had evidently a strong dash of the bull terrier. Lastly came the worth proprietor of all this valuable property, armed with an appropriate whip, and exhibiting a countenance that must have been familiar at all the police offices in the kingdom.

"Why," said Malcolm, almost blushing for his country, "we wanted dogs for grouse shooting."

"Well, sir," said the unabashed villain, who had only stolen the last of them the night before, "it would astonish you to see that animal (pointing to the lurcher) drawing on the birds."

"It certainly would," said Malcolm, smiling; "I should think him far better at a hare during a snow storm."

"Then, sir, you're subtly a judge, for he is quite remarkable for that," (flattering himself that he was raising his dog's character, only at the expense of truth.)

"And is he under good command? Will he come in and lie down when you call him?"

"Och! sir, he is remarkably obedient, and straightway the rascal began to exemplify, by vociferating, 'To, ho, Ranger!—down, Ranger!—To, ho, sir! But poor Ranger, who would have understood the Sanscrit or the Chaldean language equally well with this, to him, unintelligible jargon, could not resist the arguments of the whip, with the butt end of which he was, at length, flattened to the ground; when his superior, placing his foot upon his neck, looked up triumphantly in Malcolm's face.

"He is evidently well broke in," said Malcolm (with great gravity.)

"Did na I tell you that, sir. He would stay there for half an oer, if I were to bed him—and I am only asking ten guineas for him, leaving it to the gentleman's honour to give me something more at the end of the season, if he should be pleased with the dog."

But is na you, sir, a beautiful crater that's wi him? Come here, Sanco, poor fellow."

"What! that's a terrier," said Malcolm; "How can you talk of his pointing?"

"Pint, sir," said the ruffian, who could hardly keep his gravity at the strange appearance of the creature. "Come here poor Sanco." But Sanco did not recognize the appellation, (for how could he, having never heard it before, any more than his companion had the name of Ranger?) "Do you hear what they are saying of you, poor fellow, that you canna pint?"—and he began to stroke him gently down the back, his stiff wiry hair, however, not receiving any very lasting impression.

But the very recent operation of docking which poor Sanco had undergone, in order to convert him into a pointer (his tail not having formerly been cut quite short enough) had left such a lively impression behind, and such an antipathy to the idea of a repetition, that no sooner had his master's hand approached the part, than the aforesaid Sanco, dreading another amputation, and adopting the only existing method of canine retribution, turned suddenly round, and made his teeth almost meet in the offending member—the very hand that had inflicted the still smarting wound.

The acute pain of the bite, made the dog-stealer, forget his affection for Sanco, as well as all recollection of where he was, and, uttering sundry loud and angry imprecations, he began to belabour Sanco with all the energy he possessed. But how far he might have been successful in the conflict cannot now be ascertained, for Sanco was a large and savage animal, had not the well known disposition in dogs (as well as in men), to side with the stronger party, brought to his aid the cocker, the lurcher, and the collie, who each and all fell upon Sanco, and night have succeeded in worrying him to death, had not the lurcher drawn on himself the vengeance of the collie, by mauling his leg in mistake for Sanco's. And now the battle was turned into a regular main, each dog biting his fellow or his master as opportunity offered, and the master, in his turn, belabouring all the dogs with a strict impartiality. The ladies having made their escape to the adjoining bed-room, and the gentlemen having sought protection for their legs on the side-board and tables, the entrance of the astonished landlord and his equally astonished waiters, with the vigorous measures adopted by them, effected at length, and with some difficulty, an ejectment of all the combatants."

## THEORY OF STORMS.

HURRICANE OF AUG. 1831.—In an article which was published in the April number of the *American Journal of Science*, I attempted to show that storms and hurricanes consist in the regular gyrotory motion or action of a progressive body of atmosphere, which action is the sole cause of the violence which they may exhibit; and that the storms of the Atlantic Ocean are drifted in a determinate direction, conforming to that of the general atmospheric current of the region in which they occur. The late hurricane in the West Indies, having from its peculiar violence attracted considerable attention, I am induced to offer you the following notices of its appearance and progress, which have been obtained from various sources.

The earliest accounts are from the Island of Barbadoes, where the hurricane raged with great violence on the night of the 10th of August. On the 11th a portion of its ravages was experienced at the Island of Martinico. On the 12th it arrived at the island of Porto Rico. From the 12th to 13th it swept over the Island of Hayti or St. Domingo, and extended its influence as far southward as Jamaica.—On the 12th it raged also on the eastern portion of Cuba, sweeping in its course over large districts, if not the whole, of that extensive island. On the 14th it was at Havana, towards the west end of the same island. Of its progress on the 15th we have no distinct accounts; but on the 16th and 17th it arrived on the northern shores of the gulf of Mexico, where its effects were continued till the 18th, thus having occupied a period of six days in passing from Barbadoes to New Orleans.

From the coasts of the gulf of Mexico the storm entered upon the territories of the adjoining States, where it appears to have spent itself in heavy rains. If its peculiar action was longer continued it must have been only in the higher atmosphere, as we have no account of any violent effects at the surface nearer than the Southern States.

When accounts of hurricanes were formerly received as occurring at different islands, on various dates, with marked differences also in the direction of the wind, it was taken for granted that these violent winds were rectilinear in their course, and that such accounts, in most cases, related to different storms. We now discover, however, that there is no difficulty in tracing these storms successively from one island or locality to another, and the direction of the wind at any one point or place is found to have no connexion with the general progress or direction of the storm.

At most of the islands, during the late hurricane, the winds in the earlier part of the storm were from a Northern quarter, and in its later periods from a Southern quarter of the horizon: from which it resulted that the gyrotory action from right to left, as in the storms which pass to the northward of the great islands and along our Atlantic coast. The distance passed over by the storm in its passage from Barbadoes to New Orleans, is at least equal to twenty-three hundred statute miles. The time of passage being six days, gives an average rate of about sixteen

miles an hour, which accords with the rate of progress which I had previously ascribed to the storms of that region.

This hurricane appeared in a more Southern latitude than those which are described in my article before mentioned, but pursued the same general direction as that which occurred at the same season in 1830, passing over or to the Southward of the great islands, and across the gulf of Mexico, with a course curving Northwardly as it approached the American coasts. Hence it follows that its atmosphere must have subsequently passed over a considerable portion, if not the whole of the Atlantic States, according to the prevailing tendency of the general atmospheric current in this part of the globe. In its progress from Barbadoes to New Orleans the storm was constantly enlarging in its dimensions and sphere of action, which is shown by its increasing duration as it proceeded Westward as well as by other evidence.

It is perhaps worthy of notice that the peculiar aspect of our atmosphere, together with the unusual color and appearance of the sun, which excited so much attention a few weeks ago, was exhibited a few days after the occurrence of the hurricane at Barbadoes and at Mobile and New Orleans was the immediate precursor of the storm.

*Journal Com. W. C. REDFIELD.*  
N. B. To the list of localities in which the second hurricane of August, 1830, exhibited its violence, as published in the *Journal of Science*, that of Martinico may be prefixed; at which island the Southern margin of that storm showed itself on the night of 19—20 of that month.

## GENERAL COUNTELLIARD.

This person, whose name once again excites the public attention as an active agent in the termination of the hostilities of Belgium, is a distinguished character. He is fifty-eight years of age, but preserves the vigor and vivacity of youth. His first military services were given in Belgium, when Dumeriez there made his campaign of 1793. The defection of this general involved his officers, and Capt. Belliard was arrested, sent off in disgrace to the Capital, and his rank was taken from him. His passion for the military art, however, led him to join the army as a volunteer, from which station he rapidly rose to distinct one. He next served in La Vendee under Hoche, and in Italy under Bonaparte. He took part in the principal battles, displaying, according to his biographer, bravery and talent of the first order. At Arcole his extraordinary conduct raised him to the rank of General of Brigade.

In 1798 he took Civita Vecchia, and then went as Ambassador to Naples. He next appeared on the plains of Egypt, and after numerous exhibitions of talent and personal courage, in that romantic expedition of Bonaparte's, finished his career in that quarter as Governor of Cairo, which he was obliged to surrender to the English.

In 1801 he commanded the division stationed at Brussels; in 1805 he was at Ulm; in 1806 at Austerlitz, and obtained a cross of the Legion of Honour for his conduct. In short, whether at the head of his corps in Prussia, Russia, or Spain, he seemed born for the emergencies in which he so conspicuously shone.

In the last disastrous campaign in Russia, he acted as a major general of cavalry, and had two horses killed under him, and his leg and arm broken by cannon shots.

In 1814 he commanded the imperial guard, and had his full share in the actions which preceded the capitulation of Paris. Napoleon gave him at this time the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

When the Bourbons returned, the King confirmed the honors of the old dynasty, and added to them some of his own. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, he resumed his place under the imperial banners, was entrusted with services of the highest grade, and finally preserved from the allies the fortifications which were entrusted to his defence. On the return of Louis, he fell under displeasure, was arrested, excluded from the peerage, (to which Napoleon had elevated him) and confined in prison. In 1816 he was restored to freedom, and in 1819 took his seat among the French Peers. Since then he has not been much before the public, until his recent appointment to the mission which he has so ably completed. Many pleasing anecdotes could be furnished of his military and civil career.—*Alb. Daily Ad.*

## GENERAL MORILLO.

"This person is now enjoying the unlimited confidence and regard of the Court of Madrid. Nothing can be more illustrative of the fluctuation of human affairs, than the extraordinary elevation which Morillo has attained; he was a simple sergeant at the commencement of the Peninsular war, and by a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, added to great intrepidity—the only good quality he possesses—he rose rapidly in the army. On the return of Ferdinand from his exile, he was appointed to command in South America. Here he made himself remarkable for his activity and courage, no less than for the severity of his measures. The title of Count of Carthage was conferred on him as a reward for his services; and, on his return to Spain, he became a favourite at Court. With regard to political opinions, we are inclined to think that the despotism of military rule is the thing most congenial to him. During the existence of the Constitution, he professed himself a liberal, and he was intrusted with the command of the army which

was to act in Leon and Galicia. But he betrayed his trust, and capitulated to the French General Bourke. He was then obliged to quit Spain. He repaired to Paris, where his pride was humbled by the contempt with which he was treated by the Spanish exiles there. He was suddenly recalled to Madrid, and not only were his liberal opinions forgotten, and his secession from the Royalist cause pardoned, but he was reinstated in his rank, honours, and wealth. From this it would appear, that Ferdinand has great want of him. General Morillo was seen at one of the grandees' balls, at which the King and Royal Family assisted, talking on terms of friendly familiarity with the infant Don Charles. No doubt, the ruling powers of Spain have fixed on him as an efficient tool in the event of a war. Morillo is a man of little information, and slender abilities."

## CASHMERE SHAWLS.

"The manufactories in which are produced the cashmere shawls, so valued in Europe, employ nearly 50,000 individuals. It would not, perhaps, be easy to estimate the number of shawls woven, but it is supposed that 16,000 looms are employed in this manufacture; and, supposing each loom to produce five shawls per year, the number would be 80,000. A single shawl, if of a very fine texture, may occupy a loom for the space of a year; while the other looms may produce six or eight in the same interval. There are generally three workmen at each loom, and when the shawl is of a very superior quality, not more than a quarter of an inch is woven in a day. The shawls, which require most work are manufactured in separate pieces; and when brought together, the pieces rarely present the same dimensions. The workmen sit on a bench; and their number varies from two to three, and from three to four, in each work room. In the manufacture of plain shawls, only two persons are employed; and they use a long, narrow, heavy loom. When it is intended to give variety to the patterns, wooden needles are used; and care is taken to have a needle for every thread of a different colour. This is a very slow process, especially when the patterns are elaborate. Women and children separate the fine wool from all heterogeneous matter, and after it is carded, which operation is performed by young girls, it is placed in the hands of the dyers. The looms used in these manufactories are horizontal, and exceedingly simple in their construction. The weaver sits on a bench, and a boy, stationed a little below him, keeps his eye fixed on the pattern, and whenever the machine turns, tells the workman what colours are wanting, and what threads he must employ. The *ustand*, or chief of the workmen, superintends all the operations. When they have to copy a new pattern with which they are not familiar, he teaches them to trace the outlines, and shows them the threads and colours they must use. As soon as the shawls are manufactured, they are taken to the custom-house, where a certain mark is put upon them, and a duty levied, proportionate to their value, and the quality of the merchandise. It is not customary to wash the cashmere shawls after they come from the loom. Amretseyr is the great market for these shawls."

## OPERATIONS OF THE MIND IN SLEEP.

The Quarterly Review thus remarks on this subject:—

"That the mental operations have not always this character during sleep arises from the connexion of the mind with the body, and from the necessity of all its functions being performed through the organs of sense. The mind cannot retransmit along the nerves of these organs any impressions but those which have been previously transmitted through the same nerves to the brain; and when it is exercising its highest powers during sleep, its combinations and its reasonings may be interrupted or destroyed, or rendered ridiculous, by their admixture with other impressions produced by corporeal excitement.

These views receive some sanction from the curious physiological doctrines respecting sleep, which have recently come into repute. Dr. Cullen was the first person who rendered probable that the different senses and organs sleep successively and with unequal intensity; and M. Cabanis has gone so far as to fix the order in which different parts of the body go to sleep. According to him the muscles of the legs and arms lose their power before those which support the head, and these last sooner than the muscles that sustain the back; and he illustrates this by the cases of persons who sleep on horseback, or while they are standing or walking. He conceives that the sense of sight first sleeps, then the sense of taste, next the sense of smell, next that of hearing, and lastly that of touch. He maintains, also, that the viscera fall asleep one after another, and sleep with different degrees of soundness.

If these results are physiologically correct, it is not difficult to understand how the mind is so seldom unfettered in its nocturnal lucubrations; for, while any one of the senses, or any part of these organs is awake, or imperfectly asleep, so as to retain any of their power, the impressions which they are capable of conveying to the brain must be mingled with the operations of the mind so as to produce those strange inconsistencies which characterize the great proportion of dreams. It is impossible to touch upon this interesting subject without expressing a regret that some able and active mind is not busily employed in its investigation. A rich harvest of discovery can hardly fail to reward the first individual who shall devote to it the vigour of his faculties."



## PUBLICATION AND CIRCULATION OF BOOKS.

It is a very common thing to hear of the evils of pernicious reading, of how it enervates the mind, or how it depraves the principles. The complaints are doubtless just. These books could not be read, and these evils would be spared the world, if one did not write, and another did not print, and another did not sell, and another did not circulate them. Are those then without whose agency the mischief could not ensue, to be held innocent in affording this agency? Yet loudly as we complain of the evil, and carefully as we warn our children to avoid it, how seldom do we hear public reprobation of the writers! As to printers and booksellers, and library keepers, we scarcely hear their offences mentioned at all. We speak not of those abandoned publications which all respectable men condemn, but of those which, pernicious as they are confessed to be, furnish reading-rooms and libraries, and are habitually sold in almost every bookseller's shop. Seneca says, 'he that lends a man money to carry him to a brandy-house, or a weapon for his revenge, makes himself a partner of his crime.' He too who writes or sells a book which will, in all probability, injure the reader, is accessory to the mischief which may be done; with this aggravation, when compared with the examples of Seneca, that whilst the money would probably do mischief to one or two persons, the book may injure a hundred or a thousand. Of the writers of injurious books, we need say no more. If the inferior agents are censurable, the primary agent must be more censurable. A printer or a bookseller should however reflect, that to be not so bad as another, is a very different thing from being innocent. When we see that the owner of a press will print any work that is offered to him, with no other concern about its tendency than whether it will subject him to the penalties of the law, we surely must perceive that he exercises but a very imperfect virtue. Is it obligatory upon us not to promote ill principles in other men? He does not fulfil the obligation. Is it obligatory upon us to promote rectitude by unimpeachable example? He does not exhibit that example. If it were right for my neighbour to furnish me with the means of moral injury, it would be wrong for me to accept and employ them.

I stood in a bookseller's shop, and observed his customers successively coming in. One orders a Lexicon, and one a work of scurrilous infidelity; one Captain Cook's voyages, and one a new licentious romance. If the bookseller takes and executes these orders with the same willingness, I cannot but perceive that there is an inconsistency, an incompleteness, in his moral principles of action. Perhaps this person is so conscious of the mischievous effects of such books, that he would not allow them in the hands of his children, nor suffer them to be seen on his parlour table. But if he thus knows the evils they inflict, can it be right for him to be the agent in diffusing them? Such a person does not exhibit that consistency, that completeness of virtuous conduct, without which the christian character cannot be fully exhibited. Step into the shop of this bookseller's neighbour, a druggist, and then, if a person asks for some arsenic, the tradesman begins to be anxious. He considers whether it is probable the buyer wants it for a proper purpose. If he does sell it, he cautions the buyer to keep it where others cannot have access to it; and before he delivers the packet, legibly inscribes upon it, 'Poison.' One of these men sells poison to the body, the other poison to the mind. If the anxiety and caution of the druggist is right, the indifference of the bookseller must be wrong. Add to which, that the druggist would not sell arsenic at all if it were not sometimes useful; but to what reader can a vicious book be useful?

Suppose for a moment that no printer would commit such a book to his press, and that no bookseller would sell it, the consequence would be, that nine-tenths of these manuscripts would be thrown into the fire, or rather they never would have been written. The inference is obvious; and surely it is not needful again to enforce the consideration that although your refusal might not prevent vicious books from being published, you are not therefore exempted from the obligation to refuse. A man must do his duty, whether the effects of his fidelity be such as he would desire or not. Such purity of conduct might no doubt circumscribe a man's business, and so does purity of conduct in some other professions; but if this be a sufficient excuse for contributing to demoralize the world—if profit be a justification of a departure from rectitude, it will be easy to defend the business of a pick-pocket.

I know that the principles of conduct which these paragraphs recommend, lead to grave practical consequences. I know that they lead to the conclusion that the business of printer or bookseller, as it is ordinarily conducted, is not consistent with christian uprightness. A man may carry on a business in select works; and this, by some conscientious persons, is really done. In the present state of the press, the difficulty of obtaining a considerable business as a bookseller, without circulating injurious works, may frequently be great, and it is in consequence of this difficulty that we see few booksellers amongst the Quakers. The few who conduct the business, generally reside in large towns, where the demand for all books is so great that a person can procure a competent income, though he exclude the bad.

He who is more studious to justify his conduct than to act uprightly, may say, that if a person may sell no book that can injure another, he can scarcely sell any

book. The answer is, that although there must be some difficulty in discrimination, though a bookseller cannot always inform himself what the precise tendency of a book is—yet, there can be no difficulty in judging, respecting numberless books, that their tendency is bad. If we cannot define the precise distinction between the good and the evil, we can nevertheless perceive the evil it has attained to a certain extent. He who cannot distinguish day from evening, can distinguish it from night.

The case of the proprietors of common circulating libraries is yet more palpable, because the majority of the books which they contain inflict injury upon their readers. How it happens that persons of respectable character, and who join with others in lamenting the frivolity, and worse than frivolity of the age, nevertheless daily and hourly contribute to the mischief, without any consciousness of inconsistency, it is difficult to explain. A person establishes, perhaps, one of these libraries for the first time in a country town. He supplies the less younger and less busy part of its inhabitants with a source of moral injury from which hitherto they had been exempt. The girl who till now possessed sober views of life, he teaches to dream of the extravagancies of love—he familiarizes her ideas with intrigue and licentiousness—destroys her disposition for rational pursuits—and prepares her, it may be, for a victim of debauchery. These evils, or such as these, he inflicts not upon one or two, but upon as many as he can; and yet this person lays his head upon his pillow, as if, in all this, he was not offending against virtue or against man.—*Dymond.*

## CHODRUG-DUCLOS—THE MISANTHROPE.

No English Journal has ever, so far as we are aware, alluded to the existence of this extraordinary individual,—though he may be considered one of the curiosities of the French capital. He is a modern Timon. His dress consists of a few miserable rags, and his beard, which has not been trimmed for many years, reaches to his middle. Every evening, he walks round the galleries of the Palais Royal, offering, in the meanness of his attire, a strange contrast to the magnificence and splendour of that celebrated place. Yet this specimen of wretchedness was, in former times a leader of fashion—a man celebrated for his multifarious accomplishments,—remarkable for his beauty, and no less renowned as a first rate exquisite! The history of Chodrug-Duclos offers, even in this age of wonders and strange events, one of the most striking examples of the caprices of fortune. He is a man of family, and was heir to a handsome fortune. In his early life he was *recherche* to a proverb in his exquisitism. He was a good musician and dancer, and an adept in the use of arms. He made himself famous at Bordeaux by an adventure at the theatre. A lady having been insulted in his presence, he lifted the offender in his arms, and threw him from the first tier of boxes into the pit. He fought many duels, and killed one of his antagonists. He was the intimate friend of the Ex-Minister Peyronnet, to whom, on more than one occasion, he proved of essential service. In early life, they were inseparable companions, and made sundry vows of eternal friendship. During the supremacy of Bonaparte, Duclos proved himself one of the most strenuous partisans of the exiled family. In the advancement of their cause, he exposed himself to the greatest peril, besides expending upon it every franc of his large fortune. On the return of Louis XVIII. to the throne of France, he with many others, presented himself to receive the reward of his services and fidelity to the royal cause. His claims, however, were disregarded, or the offers made, such as he considered totally inadequate to his merit. Disappointed and indignant, he withdrew from Court. The accession of Peyronnet to power revived his hopes. He waited on his former friend, but his mission was one of those with which men in power are very willing to dispense. Peyronnet received the hom friend of his youth in a most statesman-like manner, and on receiving a hint from his visitor, that his wants were most pressing, magnanimously presented him with 200 francs, (8*l.*) From that moment his life has been an enigma. No one can tell who provides for his subsistence, since, so far from ever asking alms, he is never known to speak a word. His sole occupation appears to be, to perambulate the splendid galleries of the Palais Royal. He has twice been taken before the tribunals, on a charge of outraging public decency, by his insufficient attire; but he was not subjected to any punishment, and he still continues to parade his rags and misfortunes. He expends two francs per day; and his landlady, the owner of a miserable tenth rate inn, declared on his trial, that he is so punctual that he will not allow a day to pass without paying the said sum.

Trifling as the pittance is, it afforded matter for speculation how Duclos could procure it, since it was notorious, that every sou of his property had been spent. It is surmised by some, that a small pension is allowed him by the lady whom he protected at the theatre of Bordeaux. To her, it would appear, he had not been indifferent in his happier days; but fate had decreed that their courses in life should be separate.—*London Courier Journal.*

## VARIETY.

## CHRISTIAN SHELL.

A story, a story,  
Unto you I will tell,  
Concerning a brave hero,  
One Christian Shell.

Who was attacked by the savages,  
And toried, as is said,  
But for this attack  
Most dearly they paid.

The sixth day of August  
He went to his field,  
Determined if the enemy  
Came, never to yield.

Two sons he had along with him,  
Resolved were the same,  
About the middle of the afternoon,  
These invaders, they came.

He fled unto his block-house,  
For to save his life,  
Where he had left his arms  
In the care of his wife.

The enemy took prisoners,  
Two sons that were twins,  
About eight years of age,  
Soon the battle it begins.

They advanced upon him,  
And began to fire,  
But Christian with his blunderbuss,  
Soon made them retire.

He wounded Donald McDonald,  
And drew him in the door,  
Who gave an account  
There was strength sixty-four.

They fought from two in the afternoon  
Until the closing of the light,  
Shell's son was slightly wounded  
Before that it was night.

The old woman she has spoiled  
Five guns, as I have since been told,  
With nothing but a chopping axe,  
Which shows that she was bold.

Six there was wounded,  
And eleven there was killed,  
Of this said party,  
Before they quit the field.

The Indians were forty-eight,  
And toried full sixteen,  
By old Shell and his two sons;  
Oh, the like was never seen.

Not like to get assistance,  
Nor any body's help,  
They thought for to affright him  
By setting up their yelp.

But God was his assistant,  
His buckler and his shield,  
He dispersed this cruel enemy,  
And made them quit the field.

Come all you Tryon County men,  
And never be dismayed,  
But trust in the Lord,  
And he will be your aid.

Trust in the Lord with all your might,  
And call upon his name,  
And he will help you as he did Shell  
To his immortal fame.

Anaols of Tryon County.

## RAIL ROAD ANECDOTE.

The Lynchburgh Virginian gives the following anecdote:

A LIME AT LAST!—We understand that, as a delegate to the late Abington Rail Road Convention was returning home, he overtook a drove of several hundred cattle, when the following dialogue passed between him and some of the drovers:

Delegate.—Well, gentlemen, you have muddy times of it; but in a few years you may possibly have a better way of getting cattle to market.

Drover.—In what way, stranger?

Delegate.—Why, haven't you heard that a Rail Road was to be made from Knoxville down to Lynchburg?

Drover.—Well, what has that to do with driving cattle? Suppose they can't travel on a Rail Road?

Delegate.—No; but it is said they may be taken in pens on a Railway. What would you think of a large pen, containing fifty or a hundred beef cattle, mounted on wheels, and travelling along a Rail Road at the rate of ten or fifteen miles an hour?

Drover.—Now, stranger, do you think it possible for such a thing as that to be done?

Delegate.—Why, such things are spoken of.

Drover.—Well, it may be so—I never saw a Rail Road; but I'll be— if General Jackson himself could do it!!!

CURRENTS OF THE OCEAN.—It is a common practice to throw overboard from vessels at sea a bottle containing a memorandum of the time and place, to show by the finding of it, afterwards, what is the direction and force of the marine currents. One of the experimental floats committed to the waves in Dec. 1829, in lat. 15° 59' N. and long. 26° 12' W. was lately picked up on the western shore of the Gulf of Mexico, 18 months after, and at a distance of about 3500 miles N. & West of its starting point.

*Non-contagious Nature of Spasmodic Cholera.* The following article is copied from Johnson's Medico-Chirurgical Review for April, 1831: "The Indian Cholera possesses none of the characteristics, which distinguish contagious or infectious diseases; on the contrary, it appears to sweep along on the surface of the earth, attacking the rich man in his insulated palace, and the poor in his lonely hut, the robust European, and the effeminate Hindoo, wherever it find either incapable of resisting its prostrating power. It is confined to cities or to camps, it appears suddenly remains till disturbed by some new motion in the atmosphere, and then vanishes without leaving the power in its victims to communicate any form of disease to their fellow-creatures. No instance has come under the observation of the author, where the diseased person infected another, and the immunity of the attendants, as well as of the friends of the sick, who crowd around the death bed of their unfortunate comrades, sufficiently proves, that the spasmodic cholera of India is neither propagated by contact with the diseased person; nor by the exhalations from his body.

*A Hard Case.* A Yankee school master,—a teacher of Chirography,—not long since located himself in Rensselaer Co. N. Y., and commenced a school under the most favorable auspices. He gathered round him a score of pupils—most of whom were of the fairer order of creation. One, in particular, was, we understand, a very angel in features—one of your beautiful country maidens, which spring up in their seclusion, fair as the wild flowers of their native vallies. As night had been expected, she played iniquity with the heart of the schoolmaster. Day after day, he sat by her side,—guided her taper fingers; and felt her dark tresses lightly sweeping his cheek, as she leaned with him towards the manuscript. It was too much—human philosophy could not stand it. In a luckless moment, he pressed his lips to her cheek, and imprinted upon it one of those kisses, in which

"The lip will linger like some bee  
Sipping a favorite flower."

And what think you gentle reader was the result of all this? Why—the unfortunate chirographer was prosecuted for his lecture on kissing, and turned adrift with a fine of \$1000 hanging over his shoulders like the pack of Bunyan's pilgrim. Far be it from us to undervalue the charms of the young lady;—but, really if she sets such an exorbitant price upon her cheek, it will be a long day, we opine, before she has another opportunity to exact it. N. E. W. Review.

## STANZAS.

It is not in the mountains, in the palaces of pride,  
That love, the winged wizard, is contented to abide;  
In meek and humble spirits his truest home is found,  
As the lark that sings in heaven builds its nest upon the ground.

His cradle is the lily, by the breath of summer stirred;  
For love is often shaken by the whispering of a word;  
His smile is in the sunshine, and his voice is in the glades—

Oh! that winter should o'ertake him with its silence  
and its shades. Whittaker's Mag.

*Eagle and Child.* A servant at Munich, being in a garden with a child nine months old, set it down on the ground, when suddenly an eagle darted from the air, to seize upon it as a prey. The servant, who was fortunately close by, with the greatest courage, and presence of mind, threw a shawl at the bird, which covering his eyes, not only prevented him from seizing the infant, but even from escaping. She boldly caught hold of the robber, and in spite of his struggles, held him fast till some persons came to her assistance. His majesty amply rewarded the heroine, who received some wounds in the contest, and sent the prisoner to the managerie at Nymphenburg.

*Female Prowess.* Whilst Mr. Perry, who keeps the Hotel at Spot Pond, was out with his boat, on the lake, last Thursday, a black eagle was observed, by his wife hovering in the air; he presently descended and alighted upon a tree, about three hundred yards distant from the house. Mrs. Perry loaded her husband's gun, an old fashioned heavy "king's arm," and proceeding cautiously towards the bird, took deliberate aim, and shot at him. The eagle fell, instantly, dead to the ground. He measured, from the extremity of one wing to that of the other, a few inches over seven feet.

I happened to dine says Sir John Sinclair with Pitt when he took occasion to ask me, "Of all the places where you have been, where did you fare best?" My answer was, "in Poland; for the nobility live there with uncommon splendor; their cooks are French, their confections Italian, and their wine Tokay." He immediately observed, "I have heard before of the Polish Diet.

A female *Ourang Outang*, said to be about nine months old, is now exhibiting in this city. Its resemblance to a human being is said to be unpleasantly great.

## MARRIED,

In Philadelphia, Mr. James J. Jewett, of this city, to Miss Jane S. Stockton of Bucks Co. Pa.  
 In Liberty, Me. Mr. George Burns of Union, to Miss Catherine Peavy, of Liberty aforesaid.  
 In Dover, N. H. Hon. Jeremiah Smith, of Exeter, to Miss Elizabeth Hale, daughter of the Hon. Wm. Hale.  
 In Concord, N. H. Mr. Oliver Turner to Miss Hannah H. Southwick.  
 In Boston, Col. Benjamin Osgood of Methuen to Miss Clara Emily Collier, daughter of Rev. Wm. Collier.  
 In Portsmouth, N. H. Mr. Oliver Marsh to Miss Harriet C. Newhall.  
 Mr. Paul D. Barbank of East Cambridge, Ms. to Miss Lucy H. Tyler.  
 In Gloucester, Ms. Mr. John R. Smith to Miss Judith A. Seward.  
 At Keenebunk, Me. Mr. Edward Garland of Parsonfield to Miss Sewall of Portland.  
 In this city, on the 4th inst. Mr. William Dumont to Miss Georgiana De Prester.  
 Mr. Henry Butler, of this city, to Miss Sarah M. Morgan, of Albany.  
 Dr. Samuel Merritt, to Miss Eliza Wainers.  
 Mr. Charles Caldwell, to Miss Ann Sanford.  
 At Newark, Mr. Townsend Durand, to Miss Emily M. Chesley.  
 Mr. Abraham Ayles, to Miss Sarah Chase, of N. C.  
 Mr. Ward Gray, to Miss Martha Brown.  
 In Boston, Mr. Francis Standish, of N. C., to Miss Eliza Perkins.  
 Mr. Franklin Greene, Jr., to Miss Agnes Love Bradley.  
 In Rochester, Mr. Alanson Penfield, of Cleveland, to Miss Mary Ann Harris.  
 In Montreal, Prudence Lawton, Lathrop, Esq. to Miss Eliza Margaret Chubbard.

## DIED,

In this city, Miss Nancy Judd, aged 39 years.  
 At Swanton, Mr. Geo. Elmer Williams, formerly of London, Mass.  
 At Baltimore, Chas. H. Angleton, 45.  
 At the Lunatic Asylum, B. Deane John B. Skillman, 35.  
 At Boston, Mr. James Palmer, 73.  
 At Fairhaven, Mr. Henry Wood, aged 47, whose death was occasioned by the lockjaw, caused by the bite of the thumb of his left hand having been broken in being thrown from a wagon.  
 At Walpole, Hon. Benjamin Brown.  
 At Snow's Point, N.J. on 20th ult. Mr. Thomas Hanks, aged 51. His son, Thomas, aged 13, on the 2d inst. The two were at his grandfather's when informed of the melancholy result of his father's disease—he uttered a scream and fell on his knees, which deprived him of reason, and terminated his life.

**WORM SUGAR PLUMS.** An efficacious and convenient medicine for children, causing worms to be disengaged in great numbers, and even when there is no appearance of worms. They are quite beneficial in conveying off the secretion of mucus from the stomach and bowels, which generate them, and is as injurious to children as worms alive. Sold wholesale and retail, by  
**N. B. GRAHAM, Jr.,**  
 oct 8 28 Cedar, corner of William st.

**COMPOUND CHLORINE WASH** for cleansing and whitening the teeth, preserving the gums, removing taste from the mouth, and rendering the breath sweet and pleasant—sold by  
**NATHAN B. GRAHAM, Jr.,**  
 oct 8 Agent for the proprietor, 38 Cedar c. William st.

**CITY COFFEE-HOUSE,** 331 and 336 North Market-street, Albany.—R. H. Gould, late of the Exchange, Boston, has opened this extensive and elegant establishment in a Temperance House. He has been induced to do this by the earnest solicitations of the friends of Temperance in the city and country, and from a conviction that the time has arrived when public sentiment will support the undertaking. It is his intention to secure no pains in giving satisfaction to those who may patronize him. The commanding situation of the house, and the convenience of the rooms, will, it is hoped, attract the attention of those who are single persons and families, who can be furnished with parlors, gentlemen who wish board by the month or year, will be accommodated on as liberal terms as any other establishment. The house will be furnished with every thing necessary for the comfort or convenience of customers.

\* A baggage wagon will be in attendance on the arrival of boats to convey baggage free of charge. A stable attached to the establishment.  
 Albany, Sept. 1.

**SCHUYLKILL COAL.**  
**PEACH-ORCHARD,** Lehigh, Schuylkill, Liverpool, and Lackawanna Coals, all at the lowest market prices. Apply at the Coal Offices, c. of Murray and Washington, and Canal and Elm-streets.  
 sep 28. S. B. REEVE & Co.

**O. RAMSDALL'S SPECIFIC**, for the cure of *Hernia or Rupture*, the first and only remedy yet discovered.

The high reputation that O. Ramsdall's specific has gained for the cure of *Hernia or Rupture*, renders it unnecessary to say much in recommending it to the public, as no stronger proof of its possessing uncommon medicinal efficacy could be given than will be found in the certificates accompanying each bottle, given by men of the first respectability, who have used the medicine.

Cases of long standing, and *Hernia* of all descriptions, Inguinal, Scrotal, Umbilical, &c. &c. are cured by the use of this invaluable medicine. Sold wholesale and retail, by the proprietor's sole Agent,  
**NATHAN B. GRAHAM, Jr.,**  
 oct 1. No. 38 Cedar, corner of William-st.

**CARD CASES—New Style.**—Just received by the subscriber a few of the most beautiful Souvenirs, or Card Cases, ever offered to the notice of the ladies in this city. They are made with Mother of Pearl, and embellished by fine Medallion Paintings on Ivory, set in gold, and are well worthy the attention of those who would possess an article that could become common.  
 sep 17. BOURNE, Publisher, &c., 325 Broadway.

**THE GLOBE HOTEL.**—At Augusta, Geo. situated on the corner of Broad and Jackson-streets, near the Mason Hall, and under the supervision of Wm. Shannon—is fitted up in a superior style of accommodation, and provided with whatever is demanded for the comfort and enjoyment of its visitors. His long experience in the business, the advantages of his location, and the ample preparation made for the convenience of his guests, enable the proprietor to offer accommodations unsurpassed in the Southern States.  
 Jan 1.

**WANTED**—In the neighbourhood of Maiden-lane, for a small family, where there are no children, three or four rooms, or a part of a house, from 1st October to 1st May. The rent must be moderate. Address J.M., at the office of the Constellation.

## HARLEM OIL! HARLEM OIL!!

**The Genuine Harlem Oil.**  
**HAVING** until now not been able to satisfy numerous calls the subscriber has had, since the opening of his store, for the real Harlem Oil; he takes leave to inform the public that he keeps on hand this unrivalled efficacious medicine, in its purest state, as he is able to show sufficiently by its external characters how it differs from the thousands of bottles yearly put up in this city under the name of Harlem Oil. Only for sale at the Drug and Chemical Store of

**Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,**  
 oct 1. 377 Broadway, one door below White-st.

**NEW COAL YARD.—R. & J. WESTERVELT** respectfully inform their friends and the public in general, that they have opened a Coal Yard corner of King and Greenwich streets, where they offer for sale on reasonable terms, Schuylkill Coal of the best quality. Orders will be received at the store of Weirvelt & Dunsen, No. 95 Maiden lane, and at the Yard.

**P. S. Lackawanna, Lehigh and Liverpool Coals** for sale as above.  
 Oct. 5.

**NEW YORK PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL PRESS,** established in 1825, for the publication and sale of Religious Books, Tracts, &c. for the use of Protestant Episcopalians. Stock Publications.—Bibles, of all sizes; Testaments, Prayer Books, of all sizes and bindings; Episcopals of Tracts, and Sunday School Books, (of instruction and for libraries); and a variety of Episcopal Devotional Books; The Churchman's Almanac for 1832, just published, adorned with a cut of the Gen. Theological Seminary, at New York. \$4 per 100.

**Miscellaneous publications.**—Life of Bishop Heber in 2 vols. 8vo. with a portrait. Works of Bishop Doane, late Diocesan of N. Carolina, 2 vols. 8vo., with a portrait and memoir; Works on Episcopacy, by Bishop Cooke, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. A Practical Exposition of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, in the form of his Lectures, by Bishop J. B. Sumner, of Chester, Eng. 40s. 12mo. price 25 cents. In press, Bishop Jebb's Protestantism; and The Communion of the Sacrament. Periodical Publications.—A series of standard English and American Works in Divinity 12mo. 4 vols. annually, at \$3 per ann. in advance; The Churchman (religious newspaper) sold weekly \$1 per annum in advance.—Rev. W. R. Whittingham and Rev. J. V. Van Ingen, Editors; The Family Visitor & Sunday School Magazine, (religious newspaper) cap. 4to. weekly, \$1 per ann. —(sold by the same). The Children's Magazine, (religious) with cuts and cover, 24 pages 12mo. monthly, at 25 cents per annum—sold by the same.

The Bishop of New York, ex-off. President of the Board of Trustees; Rev. J. V. Van Ingen, Agent—Depository, No. 64 Lumber-street.

Albany, Sept. 1, 1831.  
 State of New York, Secretary's Office.  
 SIR—Whereby give you notice, that at the next General Election, which is to be held on the first Monday of November next, and the two succeeding days, a Senator is to be chosen in the place of John L. Schuch, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. If there are any vacancies in the offices of Sheriff or Clerk, proper to be supplied at the General Election, the Inspectors of Elections will be notified accordingly.

A. C. FLAGG, Secretary of State.  
 The Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

\* All the newspapers in the County will publish the above notice in each week until the election, and send in their bills immediately thereafter to the Sheriff's Office.  
 Sept. 17.

**LAKE CHAMPLAIN STEAMBOATS.**—Arrangement for 1831.—The *Phaenix*, Capt. Lathrop, will leave Whitehall every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday—and St. John's, L. C., Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 10 A.M. The *Franklin*, Capt. Sherman, will leave Whitehall Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday—and St. John's, L. C., Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10 A.M. By these elegant boats a daily line (except Sunday) is now formed between Whitehall and St. John's, L. C., affording to travellers a delightful passage on this beautiful Lake, by daylight, and a regular and rapid communication to and from Montreal and the U. States. The boats stop at all the principal landings. After 12th 8 o'clock the boats will leave on the same days at 1 P.M., instead of 10 A.M., for the remainder of the season.  
 July 4, 1831.

**PEACH-ORCHARD COAL,**  
 From "Spohn's Mine."

**THE SUBSCRIBERS** are now landing, and constantly receiving, cargoes of the above Coal, so celebrated for the ease with which it ignites, its cleanliness and brilliancy in burning, and the length of time which it will burn. Apply at either of the offices, c. Murray and Washington, and c. Canal and Elm-streets.

S. B. REEVE & Co.  
 P.S. The public will please notice, that no other person or company have any of the above for sale. sep 28

**WILLIAMSON'S EXCHANGE, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.**—This new, splendid and extensive Hotel, believed to be one of the best in the United States, is now open for the accommodation of the public. Situation convenient and pleasant, at the corner of Penn and St. Clair streets. Charges the same as other respectable Hotels.  
 May 1, 1831.

**Meade's Improved Effervescent Magnesia,**  
**ONE** of the most agreeable effervescent aperients that have been offered to the public, being deprived of that peculiar bitterness which almost all the preparations of Magnesia possess, while it retains all its medical properties. It is particularly adapted, and perhaps superior to any other remedy in counteracting acidity of stomach and relieving many of the most distressing symptoms of *dyspepsia*, such as nausea and heartburn, and has been found of essential service in gout, bilious affections, head-ache, habitual constipation, &c.—and is recommended in those disorders of the stomach and bowels with which children are so much affected in the summer season. It is superfluous to detail more fully the medicinal qualities of this preparation; the proprietor only solicits those to whose complaints it is adapted, to give it a fair and impartial trial, under the full persuasion that they will not be disappointed in its beneficial effects. Sold wholesale and retail by the proprietor's sole agent, at MARSHALL C. SLOCUM'S Drug and Chemical Store, No. 303 Broadway, corner of Duane st.  
 sept. 24.

**EXTRAORDINARY EDUCATION!** 152 Nassau-street, opposite the City Hall, and 371 1-2 Grand, between Clinton and Suffolk-streets.

A new and most wonderful system ever invented. Hours—9 to 12, 2 to 5, and 7 to 10, evening. At Nassau street, 152, 2d story, opposite the City Hall, 4 doors from Tammany Hall, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. At Grand-street 371 1-2, between Clinton and Suffolk, (two lower rooms) Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.



**PIANO, GUITAR, and SINGING**—a new and thorough, yet easy system. Mr. GOWARD, many years a pupil of the first Music and Writing Masters, and 12 years Professor and Teacher with unparalleled success in various parts of the world, begs to inform the ladies and gentlemen of New-York, that he has arranged a "Set of Exercises," originated and selected from the best European and American works of merit, in so easy, pleasing, and naturally progressive order, as to remove all those difficulties and discouragements so generally felt and complained of, and make the scholar's progress the most rapid, thorough, and interesting.  
 Sept. 20.

**IN PRESS.**—McElrath & Bangs have in press, and will shortly publish, the following works—*Writ's Patrick Henry*—Sketches of the life and character of Patrick Henry, by Wm. Writ, with the last corrections by the author. The work will be published in one beautiful octavo volume, large new type, with a portrait of Patrick Henry, and will be ready for delivery in the course of a few weeks.

*Village Sermons*, or sixty-five plain and short Discourses on the principal doctrines of the Gospel, intended for families, or companies assembled for religious instruction in country villages, by George Burber.

*Webster's Elementary Primer*, or First Lessons for Children, being an introduction to the Elementary Spelling Book, by Noah Webster.

The Primer will be ready in a few weeks. One set of stereotype plates, with the privilege of publishing west of the Alleghany mountains for 14 years from the date of the copyright, will be sold on good terms.

McELRATH & BANGS, Publishers, New-York.

Who have constantly for sale, an assortment of Historical, Theological, Philosophical, Miscellaneous school books. Country Merchants supplied with all kinds of school books, blank books and stationery on the most reasonable terms.  
 sept 20.

**MAGIC MATCHES,** or Instantaneous Chemical Pocket Lights, calculated for travellers, sportsmen and families. This article, for convenience, excels all others now in use, and possesses the peculiar excellence of not being impaired by age. For sale, wholesale and retail, by  
 N. B. GRAHAM, jun.,  
 aug 13 38 Cedar, corner William st.

## KELLY'S PERCURO,

**FOR** the cure of CONSUMPTIONS, Coughs, diseases of the Breast, Lungs, &c.—This deservedly celebrated medicine is now in considerable use, and attended with the happiest consequences. Such is its success that it has in a great degree overcome the prejudice which it had in the first instance to encounter; so much so that some respectable practitioners recommend it in their practice, and esteem it as a valuable and efficacious medicine. All persons having consumption or disease of the lungs or have any reason to conclude, from symptoms that such disease is approaching, are recommended to make immediate use of the Percuro, as they may be assured that no medicine heretofore known, or that has been employed in consumption, can compete with it, it having performed effectual cures where all hopes were relinquished by some of the most scientific and experienced medical men in our day.

For sale by the proprietor, 230 Stanton, or corner of Warren and Greenwich sts. New York, where may be seen many certificates of its efficacy.  
 1831

## NOTICE.

**THE** celebrated strengthening plaster for pain or weakness in the breast, back, side or limbs, and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints and Dyspepsia for sale at No. 38 Beekman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it, that it is with the utmost confidence recommended to all who are afflicted with those distressing complaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale, that if relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of those numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved, where they are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 38 Beekman, corner of William st. T. KENSETT.

**MINERALS.**—The subscriber receives constantly supplies of the most select and exquisite specimens of foreign and American Minerals, which he is now willing to dispose of, either in whole sets or single specimens. Professors or Amateurs who wish to complete their collections in any branch of Natural History, and are not able to visit this city, are requested to communicate their desiderata by writing, and they may depend upon being served at as good a rate as if they were present, if they apply at the drug and chemical store of

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,  
 Sept. 20. 377 Broadway.

## CASTLE GARDEN BATH.

**THE** public are informed that the large and superior Salt Water Floating Bath has taken her station for the season at the bridge leading to Castle Garden, in fine pure water. This Bath is intended for gentlemen and ladies. The ladies having two days in each week entirely devoted to themselves, until 6 o'clock in the evening. They will also have private Baths every day in the week for subscribers, and those coming with subscribers.

**THE PUBLIC BATH** will also take her station in a few days, at the old stand, foot of Warren-st. North River, at both of which places the public and friends of health are invited to visit, and know for themselves the improvements and comforts of the day.

N. B. Wanted, a Swimming Master. Apply on board the Bath or at the corner of Greenwich and Murray sts.  
 May 28

## NEW WASHINGTON BATH

No. 12 Fourth Street, between Washington Square and Sixth Avenue.

## DANIEL H. WEED

**RESPECTFULLY** informs the public that the above establishment is now open, fitted up with every convenience suitable for such an establishment. It supplies with pure spring water, and clean furniture. An accommodating attendant has charge of the gentlemen's apartments, while the ladies will be attended by Mrs. Wood. Those inclined to visit it are assured that no pains will be spared to render it as pleasant and convenient as can be desired.

Single tickets	25 cents
5 do	\$1.00
15 do	2.50
55 do	5.00

## GREENWICH BATH

No. 337 Hudson-street.

**THE** Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has erected a commodious building, No. 337 Hudson-street, near Greenwich Village, for a BATHING HOUSE, where they can be accommodated with

Warm, Cold, and Shower Baths,

at reduced prices.

The above building is divided into two separate and distinct apartments, one for Gentlemen, and the other for Ladies, with separate entrances. Between the apartments is a large space for the pipes which convey the water into the Bath Rooms, and render them entirely incapable of any interference whatever. There are two parlors in front, one is handsomely fitted up for Ladies, for whose special purpose a female attendant will be provided. The whole embracing every necessary convenience to be met with at any other establishment of the kind in this city.

Bathing is a luxury highly recommended by our first physicians as especially conducive to health; and in order that those in moderate circumstances may avail themselves of its beneficial effects, the prices are put at the following low rates, viz:

For a single Ticket,	\$0 25
eight do.	1 50
forty do.	5 00
100 do. viz. 40 gentle &	10 00

men, 40 ladies, and 20 children, &c.  
 Persons living in the lower part of the city, by taking a seat in the Greenwich Stage, will be brought to the door and charged for a single stage to let only eight cents. A Stage will leave the Bath every five minutes.

Having spared no pains or expense in the fitting and procuring every convenience necessary for a respectable establishment, he hopes, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.  
 WILLIAM M. THORP

## E. GIDNEY, DENTIST,

**HAVING** occasion to visit Europe, feels a pleasure in recommending to his friends and patrons as his successor Mr. J. A. PLEASANTS. From the advantages of having been the assistant of Mr. Eleazer Parry, and the favorable recommendation of that gentleman, I speak with the greatest confidence of his qualifications as a Dentist.  
 E. GIDNEY.

Mr. Pleasants continues in the same rooms, No. 26 Park Place.

## ON DITS.

"How fashions change in this inconstant world!  
 Powder and Quins held undisputed sway.  
 When I was young; anon, the hair was curl'd;  
 And, after that, the top knot had its day.  
 Changes unnumbered followed in succession,  
 'Till all were center'd in the word, Expressions!"  
 Byron.

**LEWIS** has been too long before a discerning public as an Operative Professor of the Secret of Human Intellect, to render any observations necessary as to his success or qualifications. The object of this article is merely to announce the opening of his *New Salt of Rooms*, (near his former establishment, in Broadway,) which for convenience and elegance cannot be surpassed by any similar in the United States. These rooms are spacious, airy, and remarkably pleasant, being on the second floor of No. 183 on the west side of Broadway, four doors below Dry-street, nearly opposite John-street. For elegance of furniture, and tastefulness of ornament he apprehends no rival in any similar establishment. Here he intends to pursue the vocation which has hitherto given so much satisfaction to his patrons, on the principle of adaptation and expression.

LEWIS, 183 Broadway, 4 doors below Dry-st. up stairs.

## ROBERT LOWE, JR. HAIR CUTTER.

Re-opened at 80 Nassau-street, (Between John and William-streets)